

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The CANADIAN FORUM

36th Year of Issue

Toronto, Ontario, October, 1956

Fifty Cents

The B.C. Election

► THE RESULTS of British Columbia's election, which sent the government back with an increased majority, are profoundly discouraging to supporters of both the CCF and Liberal parties. The Conservatives are probably discouraged too, though they should have had no illusions about their chances. The opposition parties carried out the most vigorous campaign yet seen in the province. They thought they had a real issue in the charges of corruption against the former Minister of Lands and Forests, Mr. Sommers, and the government's refusal to make a public investigation into the matter.

The opposition parties were wrong. The voters were either not convinced that there was any corruption, or did not take it seriously even if there was. Apparently the real issues, from the voters' point of view, were roads and public works, prosperity and free enterprise, and the promise of a \$28 tax rebate to home owners. Elmore Philpott, the Liberal M.P., described the government's widely scattered new road construction as "a bad case of German measles, with little spots breaking out all over." Each little spot counted for a lot of votes. Someone else suggested that the government tried to keep at least one bulldozer in the sight of every elector.

Robert Strachan, the new CCF leader, made a strong impression as an unflinching, fresh campaigner. The CCF tried to counteract the government's advantage on the prosperity issue by arguing that prosperity was being paid for by selling out or giving away the province's natural resources. The CCF's alternative policy was strict government control of the forests; hydro-electric power development by the publicly-owned B.C. Power Commission; expropriation of the privately owned B.C. Electric Company which supplies Vancouver and the lower mainland; and public ownership of natural gas pipelines and distribution systems.

It should be noted that the B.C. election result is no test of the popularity or unpopularity of the new CCF line formulated at Winnipeg. Whatever may be the CCF's national policy toward public ownership, there has been essentially no change in the provincial policy of the B.C. branch. It is true that CCF newspaper advertising toward the end of the campaign significantly did not mention socializing the B.C. Electric. This has always been a CCF objective, partly because of the hope that electricity rates can be reduced under public ownership, but mainly, I think, because of a grudge against a company which is widely believed to be paying the election expenses of every reactionary party and politician. But Robert Strachan made no bones about it, and

when he was asked by a critic in a televised debate (this was incidentally the best television program of the campaign) whether his party would take over the B.C. Electric, he said "Yes."

The CCF as official opposition, reduced in numbers from 14 to 10 but not seriously weakened, has a difficult job to do. In the short run it can exploit the opportunities given it by the Premier in the last days of the campaign. He seemed to be worried, and the more worried he became the more promises he made. The \$28 tax rebate might go as high as \$87.50. Highways would be built east, west, north and south. On these promises he can now be called upon to deliver.

But in the long run the CCF has to face the task of becoming the alternative government. The Liberals, who lost their leader Arthur Laing and are down from four to two members in the House, are clearly not going to come back to power though they will be around for a long time to prevent a united opposition vote. The popular vote was divided 46 percent Social Credit, 29 percent CCF, 21 percent Liberal and 4 percent to the remainder. The Liberals will have the strength of their national position to fall back on, and can muster candidates, supporters and funds.

How should the CCF conduct itself now? Their logical strategy is to eliminate the Liberal party from provincial

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Current Comment

Shortage of Engineers and Scientists?

The A.V. Roe's National Conference on the shortage of engineers, scientists and technicians opened under the shadow of a speech by Mr. Howe, a day or two before, in which he said there wasn't any shortage, and wound up with another by Mr. Howe saying the same thing. There might be a bit of a shortage here and there. With the country going ahead at an unprecedented rate, there was bound to be. But, bless your heart, nothing to worry about. All we had to do was keep the country going ahead fast enough, and the play of ordinary economic forces would produce all the engineers, scientists and technicians we needed.

Unfortunately for this cheerful conclusion, the Conference had before it figures showing that we can't keep the country going ahead fast enough without a very large increase in engineers, scientists and technicians; that in fact economic forces are not producing anything like all we need, or anything like fast enough; and that the existing shortage is likely to get much worse unless we do something about it. The brief prepared for the Conference by Mr. S. H. Deeks, of Orenda Engines, said bluntly that if we want to go on increasing our gross national product by 3 percent a year, we shall have to increase our supply of engineers by 6 percent a year. We need one scientist for every two engineers, and about 2.8 technicians for every engineer. So, by 1980, at this rate, we shall need about four times as many engineers and scientists as we have now, and about ten times as many technicians. Such increases are simply not in sight; and engineers, scientists and technicians cannot be conjured out of the ground at a moment's notice even by the highest salaries. It takes time to produce them, and teachers, and equipment. It also takes money to keep them alive while they are being trained.

The brief said we needed an extra 3,700 university teachers now. By 1980, we shall need a 350 percent increase on top of that, a two-thirds increase in elementary school teachers and a 113 percent increase in secondary school teachers. The universities alone will need an extra \$1,250,000,000 to \$1,750,000,000 simply for buildings and equipment. There is also an acute shortage of technical institutes.

There was general agreement at the Conference that we needed also a great many more scholarships and bursaries. There was also a widespread feeling that the secondary schools were doing a far from satisfactory job of preparing children for any kind of post-secondary education. One serious by-product of this, of course, is that the universities have to spend a great deal of their inadequate resources of highly skilled manpower and highly specialized (and expensive) equipment doing work which ought to have been done in the schools; and this partly because the top management of the school systems is not even trying to do what ought to be one of its main jobs.

One note which constantly recurred was the implications for Canada of the staggering increase in the number of engineers, scientists and technicians in Russia. They didn't worry Mr. Howe: the Russian output of such people was no concern of ours. We should be governed by our own needs alone. This jaunty attitude the Conference did not entirely share. If the Russians would ignore us, we might safely ignore them. But they won't, so we can't.

The Conference wound up by providing for two continuing bodies to do further research and to act on the results. One is to represent industry, the other industry, education, government, the professional societies and labour. The Conference itself was only a beginning, though a highly useful and promising one. Its ultimate results may take some time to appear, and will depend partly on how much co-operation is forthcoming from the various groups concerned. In some cases this may depend on how far they can overcome their present cosy confidence that there is really nothing wrong, or at any rate nothing that more money won't cure.

E. A. FORSEY.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXXVI, No. 429

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CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

36 Yonge Street, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada

Telephone: EM. 3-0145

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request

The Presidential Campaign

The venerable opinion that there are no real differences between the two major American political parties has rarely looked as plausible as it does this year. Both Republicans and Democrats have nominated candidates who are labelled "moderates", their party platforms scarcely differ, and no prominent politicians on either the Right or the Left of either party have come out against their party's national ticket.

Yet "moderation" is in danger of becoming a cant phrase concealing the realities of continuing differences. No one has been converted to a policy of moderation as such. What has happened is that the emotional issues that have dominated political debate for the past quarter-century have lost much of their rhetorical substance. Problems of foreign war, policies towards domestic and international Communism, and the general direction of foreign policy that loomed so large in 1952 have either disappeared or become blurred, partly as a result of the post-Stalinist thaw in Russia, partly as a result of the Eisenhower administration's continuation of the policies of its predecessors. The difference between the parties on welfare legislation, labor policy, and public enterprise symbolized by the phrase "New Deal" became a matter of degree rather than an unbridgeable ideological divide the moment the first Republican administration in twenty years took office. Yet all that "moderation" means when applied to these domestic economic issues is that the themes of recent Republican-Democrat debate can no longer be endowed with an aura of ideological crusading. The Democrats can no longer plausibly maintain that a Republican administration will imperil the major achievements of the New Deal and the Republicans can no longer convincingly charge that New Deal measures which they have accepted and even extended are an alien brew undermining American traditions.

Yet the Republicans are still fundamentally disinclined to government interference with private business and the free play of "market forces," whereas the Democrats remain more disposed to utilize the full powers of government to equalize economic opportunity. On assuming office both parties would be forced to move in the political direction favored by their respective electoral followings—the business community and those employee groups who identify with it in the case of the GOP, and the working-class and urban lower-income groups in the case of the Democrats. On scores of issues of varying regional and national significance the parties are divided: public power, federal aid to education, farm price supports, attitudes towards state anti-union laws, taxation policy, the merits of budget balancing, to name only a few. These issues have now become the routinized content of inter-party debate on a par with such hoary staples as political corruption, tariff policy, and immigration laws.

Prolonged prosperity and Eisenhower's benevolent unpolitical coloration have hastened this softening and routinizing process. But Eisenhower has not "made over" the Republican Party either in domestic or in international policy, as will become fully evident if and when he is re-elected and the impact of the 22nd Amendment barring a third term begins to be felt. Nixon will be the key figure in Republican factional struggle. He may very well end up as the candidate of the Eisenhower Republicans and inflict still another defeat on the diehards who will not accept the changes of the recent past. But the fight within the party will be a hard one and it will become apparent that the unmistakable good-will and distaste for political ruthlessness that have made Eisenhower so popular a figure have delayed the transformation of his party into an American equivalent of the post-Labor British Tories. It was plausibly argued in 1952 that a Republican victory under Eisenhower would be

good for the country because it would dampen partisan bitterness and reveal the irrelevance of much of the rhetoric of both parties. Many loyal Democrats including Adlai Stevenson saw merit in this climax and it stands up reasonably well in hindsight. But 1956 is not 1952. In view of the impending struggle for the Republican Party, it would, I think, be good for the country and for the world if Adlai Stevenson were elected in November.

Has Stevenson a chance? There seems to be no solid reason why Eisenhower should not be re-elected. But the addition of recent victories in Maine to an unbroken record of Democratic gains in all parts of the country since 1952 can hardly be ignored. The Democrats are still clearly the majority party (Max Freedman's claim to the contrary in the September 1st issue of *Saturday Night* notwithstanding) and a good deal of evidence has cropped up since the conventions that many "normally" Democratic voters who supported Eisenhower in 1952 are returning to the party's fold. If Stevenson wins it will be by picking up a few extra votes here and a few there—votes that have shifted in response to a variety of major and minor issues rather than in accord with a dominant national mood. If Eisenhower wins, it will be further testimony to his popularity, but it appears exceedingly doubtful that the voters will elect a Republican Senate or even a Republican House. Some Democrats who supported Eisenhower in 1952 now identify him more closely with his party and are reverting to their usual allegiance while others still dissociate him from the GOP and will split their tickets. The relative strength of these two tendencies will determine the outcome of the election. In no event will the result give the Republican Party a real mandate in its own right.

DENNIS H. WRONG.

Growing Pains

The growth of the Canadian economy in the first quarter of 1956 has been rapid and painless. For a while it looked as if Canadians were free of the necessity—unavoidable elsewhere—of making a choice between a full cupboard and a full stomach. While consumers were helping themselves to a greater volume of goods and services than a year earlier, businessmen were also beating last year's record of expansion of productive capacity and of accumulation of goods in process. Prices of consumer goods, though not of goods at wholesale, remained quite stable despite the very high level of employment. This stability was not obtained as a result of frenetic appeals for wage restraint issued over tea-cups by a harrassed Prime Minister. On the contrary, average weekly earnings in manufacturing rose by three percent without any corresponding increase in the hours worked. Having demonstrated on the domestic front that they can have more consumption and more investment at the same time, and that they can combine full employment, free collective bargaining and stable prices, Canadians have shown the world that in their external economic relations they can enjoy the largest current account deficit of their history and at the same time exchange the Canadian for the U.S. dollar at a rate above par.

It would be flattering to think that virtue and sound judgment were alone responsible for this record of achievement. Such, however, is not the case: one-third of the increase in the total demand for goods and services has been met by imports, and it is to the enterprise of American investors as much as to a native faculty for multiplying loaves and fishes *ad infinitum*, that we owe a good measure of our happy circumstance. However, within limits such faculty does appear to exist, and it is to the productive powers of the Canadian economy that most of our thanks must go; finally, we must recognize that the rather fretful tinkering with the

supply of credit, which pass for monetary policy in Ottawa, may have done something to keep inflation in check.

There seems little doubt now that the economic miracle came to an end about three months ago. With the publication of the businessmen's revised investment intentions for 1956, it became clear that the makings of an inflation were upon us, and would produce a sharp rise in prices unless brought under control. So far the greatest single effort to neutralize our investment boom has come from American investors who have been pouring vast quantities of resources into Canada on credit. The next move is up to Canadians themselves. There is certainly ample room for courageous action by the Bank of Canada in raising medium and long term interest rates still further; there is an absolute necessity to grasp the opportunity which a highly inflationary situation offers to reduce tariff duties on a host of investment and consumer goods; and there is every reason to leave tax rates where they are and to curtail the government's expenditure. This last point needs particular emphasis. Do we need all the jet aircraft, destroyers, barracks, and expensive what not that are being currently constructed? Are we getting defence as cheaply as possible? Are we building any post-offices whose completion could wait? The problem which seems in greatest need of discussion is not what American investors are doing to us. The answer to that seems evident: they are saving us from a choice between faster inflation and slower progress. What our own government is doing with our resources is a good deal less clear.

S. S.

Whatever Happens

Ferdinand de Lesseps, the "builder" of the Suez, was a man of many parts. At the age of 64 he married a second time and begat himself a family of twelve. His major creation, however, was the canal. It, in turn, has brought into the world a progeny of new issues. The Suez crisis may still result in fire or frost or an uneven temperateness. But, whatever happens, a family of problems, present before, has been brought up more sharply against the facts of life.

First among them is the problem of international authority. The overriding necessity for it in certain areas of the world, the sacrifices involved and the need to encourage by example, have all been ushered more firmly into the light. Advocate an international authority for Suez and you must, in justice, show willingness to be involved in the same kind of authority elsewhere: Britain in Europe, for example, or, if one dare say it, the U.S. in Panama. But here, of course, circumstances are different, to coin a phrase. The Panama Canal is an agency of the U.S. Government and not a private concern. The zone was granted to the U.S. "in perpetuity" and no international convention governs it. But, when all is said and the results of power acknowledged, it is salutary to consider that kind of agonizing reappraisal also.

The crisis has also encouraged us to think of another variation on the theme of international control, that of the international public corporation made up of the representatives of contiguous states and the owners of the capital invested in them. Applicable especially in the case of Middle East oil, it might serve to avoid successive Abadans in other parts of the world.

A third problem that has been forced into sudden maturity is that of the future supplies of fuel power. Countries that have progressed in the development of atomic energy will feel more strongly urged to protect themselves in this way. Britain will feel this most keenly. France, also, with her new atomic plant on the Loire, is tending to make the same basic change in her national energy structure. But before atomic energy is developed to satisfy the growing demands of

Western Europe, a great quantity of oil—at a rough estimate, 320 million tons in the next twenty years—will have to travel from the Middle East to the shores of Western Europe. How shall it be done? By keeping the Suez open at any price? By building an alternative canal from the Gulf of Aqaba? By duplicating the pipe lines? Or, as the astute Mr. Onassis has already done, by building 100,000 ton tankers for the Cape route with all the extra cost involved? These alternatives might have been considered by the time the canal had reverted legally to Egyptian control. The seizure has made them an immediate feature of western calculations.

Next, the incident has put into colorful perspective the fact of Afro-Asian awakening and brought it home in a way that the distant drums of Bandung or the tart felicities of a Commonwealth conference can never do.

Another emphatic outcome is the possibility of pan-Arab unity. The stresses that divide them may clearly be eased by a cause, an act or an idea that is powerful enough to unite them. The support of Iraq for the Nasser line was proof enough. The caution of Libya and the well-timed movements of Moroccan rebels have also shown the potential strength of this Arabism.

Lastly, the limits and weaknesses of the entente cordiale between Britain and France have been more clearly drawn, albeit in urbane fashion, as a result of the differences they encountered over Suez.

All this is some measure of the fundamental shake-up the Suez dispute has caused in international relations. We have come a great, long way from the world of gunboat diplomacy, whatever the reactionary, active, bankrupt limbs of some political parties seem to feel.

G. H.

Canadian Calendar

- Vancouver Airport handled more landings and take-offs than any other Canadian field in the second quarter of this year. It had 73,892 plane movements against 57,925 for Montreal, 50,525 for Ottawa, 47,010 for Toronto, and 45,322 for Winnipeg.
- Nova Scotia's mines should harvest and sell more coal in 1956 than in any of the last five years due to the increased mechanization of the pits and the opening of new markets overseas.
- Alberta oil production in the week ended August 14, reached a new peak of 436,774 barrels daily, an increase of 10,674 barrels from the previous record set March last, 68,279 barrels higher than in the preceding week, and 79,840 barrels higher than in the same week last year.
- Canada's tobacco factories shipped a record \$162,383,000 worth of tobacco product in 1955, a rise of 6.8 percent over the previous high of \$152,034,000 in 1954.
- Finance Minister Harris reported on August 24 that during the first four months of the current fiscal year the Government's surplus was running at a rate nearly triple that of the same period last year—\$330,400,000 compared with \$132,000,000.
- In the Saguenay industrial region of northeastern Quebec, 1,104 permits for construction and repairs, valued at a record \$13,000,000 were issued during the first seven months of 1956, a 23 percent increase over the same period last year.
- Largely due to a jump in food costs, the consumer price index rose in July to its highest point since the end of the Second World War, 1945. The index advanced during the

month to 119.1 points, the base being 1949 prices at 100. The food component of the index rose by 1.3 percent.

- Canadian universities have lost valuable assistance by taking an aloof attitude toward industry, according to P. W. Ambridge, president of Abitibi Power and Paper Co. Ltd.

- Toronto housing experts, invited to investigate slum conditions in St. John, N.B., reported after a four months' study of the situation that "health conditions are appalling, elementary sanitation necessities are lacking and about 4000 structures (about 30 percent of the city's total) are sub-standard.

- The Canadian Embassy in Washington is reported to be seeking to work out with U.S. authorities improved techniques for handling security detention cases involving Canadians in transit.

- J. S. Macdonald, Canada's present Ambassador to Yugoslavia, has been transferred to Vienna, where the Canadian legation to Austria has been elevated to a full Embassy. Arthur Irwin, high commissioner to Australia, will become ambassador to Brazil. H. G. Norman, consul-general in New York is retiring in November and will be succeeded by H. A. Scott, at present ambassador to Cuba, who, in turn, will be replaced by H. Allard, Canadian representative at the Geneva office of the United Nations. Mr. Allard's successor will be M. H. Wershof.

- Katherine Hale (pen-name of Mrs. J. W. Garvin), Canadian poet, essayist and lecturer, died at Toronto, September 7, aged seventy-eight.

- Dr. James S. Thomson, dean of the Faculty of Divinity at McGill University, was elected Moderator of the United Church of Canada, on September 11.

- The civil liberties section of the Canadian Bar Association meeting at Montreal was told on September 5 that original treaty promises made to Canada's Indians were being broken by the present Indian Act.

- Air Marshal William Avery Bishop, V.C., C.B., D.S.O. and Bar, M.C., D.F.C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with Palm—Canada's famous ace of the First World War, who shot down more German aircraft (72) than any other British airman—died at West Palm Beach, Florida, on September 11, at the age of sixty-two.

- The supply of mortgage money from chartered banks and insurance companies for National Housing Act financing of new issues has almost vanished across Canada with millions of dollars' worth of applications being returned unopened in recent weeks.

- The Canadian death-rate from communicable diseases for each 100,000 of population was 27.7 in 1951, fourth lowest among eleven countries.

- Canada's international trade deficit for the first six months of this year was a record \$771,000,000, more than double the \$343,000,000 deficit for the corresponding period last year.

- In the British Columbia September election persons 19 years of age and Doukhobors voted for the first time.



"Now who's going to tell us what to say?"

● The total output of newsprint in Canada in the first half of this year was 4.6 per cent higher than in the same period last year.

● Mines Minister Cottingham predicts the value of mineral production in Quebec this year will probably reach \$400,000,000.

● \$1,000,000,000 will be spent on roads and bridges in British Columbia during the next ten years, according to Premier Bennett.

● Savings on deposit in Canada's chartered banks on June 30 amounted to \$5,881,000,000 as against \$5,844,000,000 on May 31, and \$5,573,000,000 on June 30, 1955.

London Diary

► THE NEW NINOTCHKA case is not funny. Miss Garbo in the fictional rôle was winsome, slight and touching. The real Nina is hefty, devastatingly un-winsome, and all the more touching for that reason. If only her name had been Olga or Nadia or anything else, the comparison would have been less odious. Ninotchka, it will be recalled by the pre-war generation of film-goers, in Paris on an official Russian delegation, fell for an elegant, expensive hat, bought it, and became a changed character. Nina, in London as one of a Soviet athletics team, wandered into the cheapest store in town and came out facing a charge of stealing five hats worth *in all* £1 12s. 11d. (or just 4½ Canadian dollars).

I am not saying Mrs. Ponomareva took the hats. She failed to appear in court to answer the charge—probably not realising that, if her explanation was at all reasonable, she would certainly have been discharged. Soviet Embassy officials would presumably not go to any trouble to reassure one of their own people, who would be returning home in a few days, about the protection which British justice affords even to the foreigner unless and until he or she is proved guilty. Instead, the Embassy asked the Foreign Office to get the charge withdrawn, and Soviet comment dismissed, as though it were a threadbare excuse, the reply that the Government here cannot dictate to the Courts.

Russians at home, conditioned by nearly forty years of Communism and centuries of Tzardom, will have no difficulty in accepting their own authorities' interpretation, together with the senseless idea that the whole thing was a "provocation" to spoil Anglo-Soviet sporting relations. How senseless, may be judged from the fact that 10,000 had bought tickets for the two-day contest and every sports writer expected the Soviet athletes to win another resounding victory. But then the Russians at home don't have much opportunity of reading English newspapers.

However, my own interest is not in sport nor yet in Anglo-Soviet relations but in Nina. Could she be a simple kleptomaniac, unrevealed till now because in Moscow goods are doubtless fewer and better watched, suddenly betrayed by her instinct when she sees the riot of a western hat counter apparently unguarded? Could Moscow shopping habits have led her to suppose that purchases may properly be taken away, unwrapped and unreceipted? Or could she have been kept so short of English money that she succumbed to a momentary impulse to help herself? I do not say she did. But if she did, as a woman I sympathise with her.

I remember once in Paris going the rounds of the big stores on a very hot day looking for a belt in a particular shade of green. At the fifth try, I spotted just what I wanted on one of those roundabout hangers that you just serve yourself from. I tried it and it was a perfect match to my

blouse. Then I waited for a salesgirl. After more than ten minutes, I went in search of one and at last found one in the next department, engaged with a pair of customers who had no idea at all what they wanted. She excused herself—as soon as she was free she would find my salesgirl—but weary with standing about in the heat, I felt like walking away with the belt. When finally I succeeded in paying for it and remarked that I might easily have taken it without paying, the girl agreed that she would hardly have blamed me. Yet if I had been found holding the belt in another department, I might easily have been conducted to the manager's office to explain, and if I had not been able to speak French I should have been petrified.

So I sympathise with Nina if it was a mistake. If on the other hand she actually tried to take the hats, I feel for her far more deeply. Five hats for \$4.50! Just how dreary has life got to get before a woman distinguished in her own line has even a momentary impulse to risk her dignity, let alone her safety, for five cheap little hats. For, make no mistake about it, the Soviet authorities may be putting up a front of injured innocence, but poor Nina is hardly likely to be let off scot free in Russia for the scandal she has caused.

By cancelling the contest, the Russians have blown a trivial incident up into as big a scandal as they could contrive and poor Nina, who thought she came here to throw the discus, finds she has thrown a spanner into the good works of cultural co-operation.

There is an even more chilling possibility. Was Nina the unwitting tool of wilful mischief making? Was she deliberately sent, knowing no English, to do just what she did in a London shop in order to provoke trouble? It sounds fantastic. Yet the Russians came out very pat with their accusation, word perfect in triplicate from the Russian team leader, the chargé d'affaires here and the Tass agency in Moscow, of "provocative" action aimed at intentionally preventing Nina from taking part in the match—when all she needed to do was to stand up and tell the truth in court. Poor Nina would not know that. Embassy officials unquestionably would. Perhaps it was the very thing they wanted to avoid.

Fantastic, yes, judged by our standards. But isn't that the oddest thing of all, to assume that we can judge by our standards in such matters?

STELLA HARRISON.

How a Philosopher Bought a Car

Emil L. Fackenheim

► THEY SAY THAT PROFESSORS are no good at business deals; some practical matters perhaps, such as gardening or fixing the plumbing, but business deals—no! Why, if they were good at those they would never have touched this academic stuff, and gone into something worth while!

That's what they say about professors. But about a year ago I decided to prove to the world that, whatever may be the case with professors in general, philosophy professors, at any rate, can meet the challenge of business competently and efficiently. What is more, I intended to prove that their very philosophical training furnishes them with a kind of business acumen possessed by no ordinary man-in-the-street.

The occasion for this decision of mine was a brute, external fact. My little English car—the only kind of car which professors who can afford to drive at all can afford to drive—was falling to pieces. And since I proposed to continue to drive I had to face the whole complex of problems which attaches to the purchase of a motor vehicle. The occasion seemed ideal for the display of the specifically

philosophical business acumen of the existence of which I was convinced. You probably know that if the ordinary-man-in-the-street wants to buy a car he must wade through mountains of advertising in order to form a judgment as to how much he must pay for it, and as to how much will be allowed for his old car. Furthermore, to be able to decide what kind of car to get he must actually go to the length of trying to understand what is meant by terms such as "hydromatic", "fluid drive" and "power-steering", to mention only the most intelligible of these terms. A professor of philosophy, in sharp contradistinction, appeared to me to be able to dispense with all these cumbersome processes, relying instead on pure reason alone.

Now I want to be sure I am not misunderstood. I was very far from advocating a theory of knowledge (regarded as outdated in all the circles that count) which maintains that knowledge of facts (such as V8 engines or the current price of a 1947 Austin) may be obtained purely *a priori*. I knew as well as the most up-to-date Oxford don that in all such knowledge there must be an empirical element. My thesis was rather that this element is adequately provided by the car salesman one consults; or, more precisely, by all the salesmen taken together. The ordinary-man-in-the-street quite rightly feels that he cannot entirely trust the information furnished him by the salesman, since that information may be, in various ways, shot through with bias. But a philosopher, it seemed to me, could eliminate this element of bias by pure logic alone. To make my thesis a little more explicit, a philosopher would simply gather the statements furnished by the various salesmen, and then test the degree of their truth by arranging them in such a way as to be consistent with each other. In this way, I was prepared to affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, one would infallibly arrive at the truth. One would so arrive without having to go to all the bother of mountains of advertising and study of technical terms (already once referred to, but, fortunately, dispensable for the remainder of this treatise). Incidentally (and I mention this only for the benefit of the philosophical *cognoscenti* among my readers), I hoped to illustrate by my action the superiority of the coherence over the correspondence theory of truth. Also (and this is for the benefit of the *non-cognoscenti*, the *hoi polloi*), I hoped to be able to rout those who never tire to assert that philosophy is useless.

Per se, it seemed to me that my thesis was self-evident. But in this age of hard-headed pragmatism there are always those who remain sceptical until furnished with evidence of practical success. Possibly you yourself may share this crude attitude; and if so, you may as well know that I don't think much of it. However, I was prepared to submit my theory to the pragmatic test. Also, I wanted a car.

When you try to trade your car for one of more recent vintage, the first thing you must determine is how much your old car is worth. This is first in logical order because how much you can afford to spend on your new car depends on how much you can get for the old one. There may be those who argue that you cannot separate the problem of the price of the new car from that of the trade-in-value of the old. But this appeared to me as lacking in scientific method. Scientists solve problems by isolating them, and by treating them one by one; and surely there can be no progress in the method of buying cars unless we do likewise.

In setting about the solution of this problem I decided to enquire at two different sales agencies. There had to be at least two, if their respective verdicts were to be tested for consistency. Furthermore, the two had to be as different as possible in mental outlook and social status; for otherwise I might simply have gotten the same bias, if bias there was.

Accordingly, I first went to a rather small and humble establishment, run by an individual of somewhat greasy aspect. Then I proceeded, in sharp contrast, to a mammoth place gleaming with chromium and the whiteness of the salesmen's coats.

On scrutinizing my car, the operator of the first agency gave every sign of being overwhelmed by the tragic emotions of terror and pity. However, he freely expressed these emotions. He began by describing market conditions in the country as a whole. These, he said, proved beyond doubt that no type of car was less in demand than the very one which, by an odd coincidence, I wished to sell him. He then proceeded to point out that he could see, without so much as opening the hood, that my motor was in poor repair; and that, to see the poor state of the paint, not even an ignoramus like myself needed to open the hood. He concluded his analysis by informing me that the best he could offer me was \$150.

I must say I came away from that man a good deal depressed. It was not just that he had offered only \$150, when I had toyed with the idea of it being worth twice or maybe even three times as much. There were also all those derogatory remarks. After all, a good man loves his car, even if he has good reasons for wanting to get rid of it. What stung above all were those comments of his about the paint. You see, rightly or wrongly, I had always believed that my own simonizing job was as good as that of the garage downtown, which charged \$35 for the job.

But depressed or not, there seemed no way to escape the facts. For that the man in the greasy overalls had told me the truth I found it difficult to doubt. After all, he had told me some pretty painful things; and his manner had been what a purist would have called rude. It seemed highly unlikely that anyone would go out of his way being rude to you, unless what he had to tell you was the truth. In fact, had it not been for my thesis concerning consistency, I doubt whether I would have bothered to go to the gleamy mammoth place at all. As it was, I did repair to that establishment, but with the attitude of one performing a perfunctory task.

But I was in for a great surprise. The well-shaven young man in the white coat gave me a picture of my car which seemed to resemble that given by my earlier informant in no particular. Beginning by confiding that his agency had, by an odd coincidence, a long waiting list of customers wanting to buy a car of precisely my make, and exactly my vintage, he proceeded to praise—in the highest terms—the condition of my car. He asserted that he could see, without so much as opening the hood, that the motor was in excellent condition. And he was most flattering in his comments about the paint, hazarding the guess that I must have had the \$35 downtown-simonizing-job done twice every year. You can see that I am not exaggerating when I say that this man's verdict resembled that of my earlier expert in no particular. There was only one small point in which their appraisals agreed. This came at the conclusion of my present informant's remarks. He said, at that point, that he had good news for me. In view of the general excellency of my car, he could offer me as much as \$150.00.

I need hardly tell you that my first reaction in listening to this very nice young man was sheer exultation. But on reflection this feeling yielded to a kind of puzzled bewilderment. For obviously of the two experts who had given such contrasting verdicts only one could be right. Yet which of them was right it seemed impossible to determine. The bluntness (not to say rudeness) of my first informant seemed to entitle him to a superior claim to honesty. But this claim was fully matched by my second informant's quiet air of efficiency. The way he talked about "overhead valves" (to

mention one example) seemed to prove beyond doubt that he knew what he was talking about.

Undoubtedly I would have been stymied at this point, had I not remembered one important truth. Values are notoriously relative to social and psychological conditions, and philosophers since the Greek sophists have reckoned with this fact. Permit me to remind you (in case you have not studied the Greek sophists lately) that it is quite possible for two different persons to be both honest and well-informed, and yet to arrive at totally different judgments. This is simply because their experience and background has furnished them with different standards of judgment. As I called to mind this well-known fact, it seemed no more than natural that the greasy chap and the well-shaven young gentleman should have viewed my car in a different light. Why, I myself had thought at the time that it looked different in the two environments—the one, pre-war jalopies (it not being quite clear which war their better days had been prior to); the other, bulging 1955 wonders.

Unfortunately, however, this line of reasoning led to no solution of the problem. For, according to it, the reaction I had received from the two salesmen should have been the exact opposite. The first expert, who not only lived and breathed among ramshackle cars but had probably spent his formative years being frustrated in his desire for so much as a bicycle, should have been well-pleased with my car which, whatever its defects, was at any rate still running. But my second authority might understandably have looked askance at my admittedly humble machine. For he had presumably been brought up to regard anything less than a Rolls Royce as unfit for human consumption. There was, then, a glaring inconsistency between what I had been told and what I should have been told. And this forced me to the reluctant conclusion that the information received was insufficient for the latter. I clearly perceived, I had the choice between two courses: I could either probe into the probably complex unconscious motivations of the two salesmen, or else consult two or three additional experts. Either procedure might then enable me to arrange the entire information in systematic order, thus producing the truth. But in order to follow the first of these procedures I should have had to go back to the two experts, and from this I shrank, particularly in the case of the first. Hence nothing seemed to remain but to arrange for two or three additional consultations. But I confess that I felt like postponing these, I had a feeling (which I cannot quite explain) that I had enough for the time being of people subjecting my car to verdicts, even if the verdicts were favorable.

Now if you are the ordinary-man-in-the-street you will probably tell me that I should not have neglected the fact that both salesmen, whatever their difference in reasoning, arrived at the same conclusion. They both offered \$150.00. But you err in thinking that I had overlooked this point; and your objection merely reflects loose thinking. Surely even the ordinary-man-in-the-street ought to know that no conclusion is trustworthy, except in connection with the reasoning on which it is based.

In telling you that I shelved, for the time being, the problem of the disposal of my old car, I wish it to be clearly understood that this was not because my theory had proved unworkable, but merely because of the kind of human weakness to which even philosophers are subject. I had no doubt whatever that I should be able to solve the problem, as soon as my present feeling of irritation had disappeared; and that an ideal philosopher (i.e., one without feelings subject to irritation) could have done so at once.

In the meantime, I applied my mind to the problem of the new car. That I first considered the possibility of a

good second-hand car (rather than a brand-new one) you will have guessed, if you remember what I have said about professor salaries. But there was an additional reason. You see, I had never owned an American car, nor did it seem likely that I ever would own one unless it were second-hand. I confess that the very entertainment of the possibility of becoming the proud owner of an American car, albeit second-hand, was enough to make me proud. After all, only if you have a car too big to park anywhere downtown do you really feel like somebody. And while the effort to turn the wheels may swell your arteries it will also (unless all the advertisements deliberately deceive us) swell your chest at the same time.

I thought I could somehow manage to acquire a good second-hand American car. But what about the upkeep? Which car would cost more in maintenance, an American car or the kind of small English machine I had driven hitherto? I had always assumed the former to be more expensive. But my assumption had not really been based on evidence. Strictly speaking, the above question involves you in a vicious circle. For you can answer it only after having owned one of each kind,—successively, of course; yet in order to know whether you can afford to own one of each kind—successively, of course—you must first of all know the answer to the question. This vicious circle would stalemate any rational buyer of cars were it not for the existence of salesmen. I rushed to a dealer in second-hand American cars without delay.

The man won my immediate confidence by admitting, with the utmost frankness, that an American car was bound to use more gasoline than a little English machine. Whereas the latter might give you as much as 33 miles per gallon the former would yield no more than perhaps 29. This, he calculated, would mean an additional annual expense of approximately \$15.00, assuming that I drove about 7,000 miles a year. Having made this admission, however, he proceeded to point out that I was bound to save on an American car in every other respect. Not only did American cars suffer from little if any depreciation, they also required few if any repairs. Thus while an English car was bound to require a major engine job after about 10,000 miles, a good American car was sure to run for at least 50,000 miles without requiring so much as a new spark-plug. Thus, the man concluded, every fool could see that an American car saved you hundreds of dollars every year.

I could only nod in complete agreement. I could see that an American car saved you hundreds of dollars every year. True, my English car had given me better than 40 miles per gallon, and it had not required a major engine job until it had run 20,000 miles. But then, I had always suspected that there was something a bit funny about it.

But if the above dealer won my immediate confidence, so did the dealer of English second-hand cars to whom I next repaired. He too proved to be extraordinarily frank. For he admitted—without any probing on my part—that an English car would require a major engine job after about 40,000 miles, whereas an American car might be good for as much as 42,000. Having made this admission he pointed out, however, that I was bound to save in every other respect, in the case of an English car. Thus the latter might give me as much as 50 miles per gallon of gasoline, whereas even the lightest of American cars would yield no more

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than 15. He then flattered me by refraining from figuring out how much money I would save per year, if I were wise enough to buy an English car.

I will now ask you to put the statements of these two experts side by side, and to test them for consistency. You will at once observe that the following logical possibilities exist: (a) salesman A is right; (b) salesman B is right; (c) salesmen A and B are both wrong. The possibility which is excluded is that they are both right.

To an untrained mind, this situation looks very much like the one described earlier in this treatise. But the trained mind detects a decisive difference. In the earlier case we could entertain the possibility of both views being right, if only their respective standards of judgment were taken into consideration. And I was careful to stress at the time, that while I had been unable to arrive at such a synthesis, this was due only to my human weakness; it was due neither to a weakness in the theory which had started my entire investigation, nor to any incapacity on the part of the relevant facts to be fitted into it. The present situation, however, was totally different. For all the relevant statements were purely quantitative, i.e., confined to numbers. And quantitative statements, as every physicist knows, exclude the element of subjectivity necessarily attaching to qualitative statements. Whether the condition of a car's paint looks good to you may depend on your social status and early childhood experiences. But 10 gallons or 10,000 miles are 10 gallons and 10,000 miles, whatever the status of your psyche or your bank account. From this it followed inescapably that, in the case under consideration, the information given me by one, or possibly even both, of my experts was false; not merely false relative to a standard of judgment different from that relied on by him (or them), but false *simply*. And this, it had become abundantly clear, allowed only one final conclusion: that at least one of these experts was either an ignoramus or a trifle with the truth.

In trying to describe my reaction to this conclusion I find myself, for the first time in this treatise, confronted with a task exceeding my literary powers. I will, therefore, not attempt it. I will not speak at all of my feelings which I have already admitted I could not control. But of one effect of the above conclusion I must speak, and I should appreciate it very much if you would focus your attention on it. I am referring, of course, to what had happened to my theory. This theory—well thought out, clearly formulated, richly corroborated by philosophical authorities and amply tested in various spheres of reality—had proved inapplicable to the cognitive processes which must precede the purchase of motor cars. To realize this shattering truth I had to ask myself but one simple question: is it possible for a philosopher to elicit the truth about motor vehicles from the statements of salesmen alone, if he must forever reckon with the possibility that some of these statements are in no way linked with reality, i.e., the cars to which they pretend to refer? If some salesmen are not merely biased in their accounts (a failing which the logic of consistency could remove), but actually ignoramuses or triflers with the truth? Or possibly even both? The answer to this question, I sadly realized, was in the negative.

Still, I am happy to say that I managed to save a great deal from this philosophical shipwreck. Barely two weeks after the disaster I had become sufficiently calm to be able to diagnose its cause. I had made a mistake over which numerous thinkers prior to myself had come to grief. I had applied a theory, valid in itself, beyond the limits within which it is valid.

This is, of course, a natural mistake to make. You hit on a theory; and you are at once tempted to apply it indis-

criminately, partly because of your enthusiasm, and partly because the perception of the limits of a theory is a tricky task. But this mistake, however natural, invariably leads to ruin.

Still, this very ruin can help you see what before you couldn't see: the limits of the theory. And so it proved in my case. My theory, I now clearly realize, remains valid, provided it is properly qualified. I can continue to believe (and continue to assert that all contradiction is futile) that, provided only you are a philosopher, you can deduce the truth about motor cars by testing the assertions of salesmen for consistency. Only the truth you will arrive at will concern something once removed from the actual, physical three-dimensional car. It will concern the idea of the car in the mind of the salesman.

O yes, you may wish to know what I finally did about the car. I bought a new English car, I forget what make, from a salesman who is a former student of mine. And the old car: I sold that. I got \$150.00.

Driftwood of the Pacific

Gretl Kraus Fischer

► WHEN I MET MARJORIE she inhabited a small flat in South Kensington, London. Its two small, oddly shaped rooms were hidden behind a shabby Regency façade and, even if Marjorie had not told me, I should have known that this house had been designed for one large, affluent family and its servants, and that it had subsequently been converted into several poky flats, each almost, but not quite, complete. Only the bathroom had to be shared on the first floor and the stove on the second. But Marjorie, inhabiting the top of the building, had her floor all to herself, and there was no need to share anything with anybody. This was what had prompted her to take the flat, she told me. She was no friend of sharing things with other people, especially bathrooms, or black gas stoves which were constantly clogged with soot, and gave rise to frequent disagreements among the other tenants on the floor below. Marjorie could laugh at their quarrels. She had her stove all to herself, and if it clogged, she had only herself to blame. It stood on the landing from which one door led to her bathroom, a masterpiece of ingenious plumbing, with uncounted pipes, large and small, forming an intricate pattern along one wall and half the ceiling. The other doors opened into Marjorie's bedroom and into her sittingroom where she received her guests, treating them either to Italian spaghetti, which she had learned how to prepare when her uncle Ian had taken her to Florence before the war; or Spanish rice, a murderously spiced concoction which burned one's throat, and the recipe for which, she never failed to point out, had been given her specially by a Spanish friend of hers, a refugee from the civil war.

Marjorie collected foreigners. This was, probably, why she had picked me up during the last months of the war. We saw each other frequently then and during four years that followed. It was stimulating to be with Marjorie. She always wanted to do something special, or be in some unusual place, or at least in a place that had been made famous by somebody and, therefore, had an "atmosphere." She always knew something interesting, or had some project in mind. "This is where Gainsborough lived," she would say on a Sunday, when we went to Kew Gardens, and she would add: "One day we must go to Richmond Park, and feed the deer." But, as a matter of fact, we never went. "I know a place where one can overlook Epsom Downs. We must have a picnic

there. We must do that," she sometimes said enthusiastically, but we never got there either. There were always too many even more important projects, and little time. Too many things were keeping Marjorie in London. There were lectures in the evenings, and plays and concerts, and meetings near Tottenham Court Road, and friends waiting at the *Prince of Wales*, so that in the end we stuck in London on most of the hot summer afternoons. We went to Hyde Park to lie in the sun, and sometimes we walked the best part of the way from Marble Arch to Marjorie's flat. Passing Lancaster Gate, Marjorie would say: "How people can live like that, beats me! Same kind of beige net curtain on every window. Dreary. Might as well live in the suburbs."

"Let's get home!" she would say and, hot as we were, with our feet aching from the long walk on the sundrenched pavement, exhausted by the saturated air and the unending slow procession of people and cars which flows through the London Sunday, tired from having lain for two hours in the green deck chairs of Hyde Park, we would at last mount a bus and travel down to Kensington High Street, and to Marjorie's flat.

"I wish I had a boat to mess about in," Marjorie would say. "Where would you go?" I asked. "Oh, just mess about in it on the Thames. I wish I could afford one!" Sometimes Marjorie would take a prospectus from her handbag and say: "Grape harvest in the Provence. They say it is awfully cheap if you are willing to work. And it would be so different. I must do that next summer. I don't want to go where one is likely to bump into tourists eating ice cream! They say, if one wants to find something really enchanting, one has to go to the Pyrenees. Maybe I'll try that. Spewakov says he can recommend a beautiful little inn, quite unspoiled—not yet in the handbooks—and not too expensive, and it's situated in a little cove. The owners are Basque and they keep mules, you know. It would be something different at last."

When we got to her flat, Marjorie usually shed her nostalgic mood for at least half an hour. The place expressed her character, she said. She told me, she would have preferred to live in Chelsea, where poor artists belonged, but as so many fashionable people had taken it into their heads to live in a place which traditionally belonged to poor artists, the rents there had gone up so much, she feared, that artists had to go and live elsewhere.

Marjorie loved to think of herself as an artist. She had studied for a year at St. Martin's, but when I knew her she was working in the office of a theatrical agency. She had countless connections with interesting people, and was nurturing high hopes that her job might, one day, lead to "something abroad." "No matter where!" she said. "It needn't be Paris. As a matter of fact I'd like something more out of the way." "But what would you do in a really out of the way place?" I frequently asked. "What sort of work do you imagine?" "Oh, anything!" she would cry. "As long as it is interesting and unusual. I'd like to be a secretary to an author. But perhaps that's too much middle class. I'd like to live! You know, the other Sunday I heard a woman on the B.B.C. She has been a guide in the Kaukasus. Lived there for years. That's the sort of thing . . ."

I shook my head and Marjorie contemplated me with half closed eyes, wondering about my stodginess which, she thought, was not congruent with my being foreign born. It was true: I always felt hopelessly unimaginative in Marjorie's sitting room. There, most things had originally been intended to serve a different purpose, and it was only due to Marjorie's exquisite inventiveness that they had come to be pieces of furniture at all. A wheel from an old barrow had been fixed to the ceiling. It had been painted bright yellow, and with some ingenuity electric bulbs had been

attached (Miyazaki, the dear boy, was particularly good at such things).

There were flowers, of course; fuchsias which Cynthia had brought her specially—"all the way from Cornwall." The flowerpots were dangling in French bread baskets which were fixed to the wall. There was on the wall, too, a mask of the Tragic Muse which had been found in an antique-shop off Knightsbridge, and a pencil drawing, an original, made by a past boy friend with an unpronounceable name, showing a bird's eye view of Athens, "the land of my dreams," as it was referred to by Marjorie. The curtains consisted of coarse fish netting which Marjorie had begged from a fisherman at Dives sur Mer during her first continental holiday after the war, and on the floor lay a piece of tiger rug of unidentified origin. There were orange crates turned into book shelves, and bottles turned into lamps, with shades made of old title-deeds and faded maps of the world. There were pieces of pottery which Marjorie herself had turned out during one winter of London County Council evening classes, for Marjorie said she loved making things. She herself had embroidered the ribbon on which dangled the Swiss cow bell. There was a small table in the room, made from a strong slab of wood, that was polished on top, but with the bark still intact on the sides and underneath. It was supported by parts of two old ironing boards. "Original, isn't it?" asked Marjorie, begging for reassurance. She had adapted an idea from an American magazine, she said, and it had been quite difficult to obtain the thing. In the end, she admitted, the expense would have covered a good dining table from one of the large stores. "But it was worth the trouble, wasn't it?" she asked. "It has character, there is no denying it." Two small Chinese vases on the mantelpiece served as candle sticks. The only ordinary furniture in the room were two chairs, covered with threadbare chintz, but except for meals, I had never seen Marjorie sit on one. She always lounged on a mattress that lay on the floor, next to the gas fire. It was covered with a big Afghanistan shawl, a gift from Aunt Betsy who lived at King's Lynn, and there, on an assortment of chintzy cushions, Marjorie would lie and smoke quaint black cigarettes with gold mouthpieces, and talk about how she feared to get into a rut. "In London everybody does the same thing," she would moan. "How does my life differ from that of other people? Maybe I know a little better how to make life interesting, but essentially . . .?"

When I left England she was brooding over the possibility of either getting a job with an international organization, or going into partnership with a friend who had connections with money, and who wanted to open a boarding house in Sardinia.

We lost sight of each other. I went across the Atlantic and, after a while, had the good fortune to settle at Canada's west coast. I had been living here for some three years, when a mutual London acquaintance wrote to say that Marjorie had married an engineer, and had gone out to British Columbia. I sent her a letter the following day, and she answered, insisting that I should come over at once, and spend three days with them. "You will have to," she wrote. "And I hope you don't mind, but there is no connection by either road or rail, and the firm's boat only calls on certain days. George normally uses a helicopter." Just what I had thought! This was the thing that would appeal to Marjorie.

Her husband managed a timber mill and logging operations up the coast and, except for the operators and loggers and a few executives, the place was completely uninhabited bush, virgin timber that covered the wild mountains along a rugged coast. The firm's boat, calling twice a week, was the only means whereby the place could ordinarily be reached.

I was delighted to see Marjorie in her new home, a low bungalow in a landscaped garden, such as well-to-do people

build from Prince Rupert down to Los Angeles, and beyond. It was standing at the edge of the forest among a multitude of almost identical bungalows. Marjorie ushered me in. George would not be home until tomorrow. I wanted to know whether Marjorie accompanied him sometimes on his helicopter trips. "Oh no, no, no, . . . !" There was no time for anything like this. Working in the garden, and cooking, and looking after the house took up much more time than one might think!

As we entered I was surprised to see the place. It was well appointed, nothing missing, and it looked exactly like dozens and dozens of equally well appointed houses up and down the coast. A department store might have sent the furniture over, complete as it stood there, with its rich California prints for drapes, beautiful sculptured broadlooms, deep, comfortable easychairs, standard lamps, and a chesterfield with end tables at either side. "Nice, isn't it?" asked Marjorie. "Beautiful," I answered truthfully.

We had a long heart to heart chat. To think that we should meet again, out here at the Pacific coast! Wasn't it romantic, living here in the wilderness? Marjorie said she had always known that one day she would leave London and its conventional life, its rut, the humdrum existence there, and get out into the wide open spaces.

The telephone rang and Marjorie was engaged in a lengthy conversation with the wife of another executive, who was living in a bungalow on the opposite slope. The conversation turned mainly around the bi-weekly bridge evenings, and some purchase that had been made through the mail order catalogue. "Isn't it exciting, we are going to build a bowling alley!" Marjorie said, when she came back. The site is all settled. We have been campaigning for it for months, you know. Tomorrow I must show you our club house."

We talked on. It was late in the year and the evening broke soon. Marjorie let down the venetian blinds and pulled the California prints across her picture window, lighted a lamp and laid the table. Then she disappeared into her all-electric kitchen, begging me to sit down meanwhile, to listen to the radio. "Now, that the Vancouver studio is under way, we shall soon have TV," she said. "But Seattle is too far. We can't get Seattle."

She went, and I sat and mused. Was there nothing left of the Marjorie I had known? My eyes fell on the lamp that stood on a little table near the chesterfield. The lampstand had been made from one of those twisted pieces of driftwood that are washed ashore along the coast and by artistically minded people are sometimes turned into lamps, things that prop up plants, or flowerpots. This was something that must have attracted Marjorie. I looked at it closely.

What type of wood it was I could not tell, but it was beautifully shaped and had been carefully polished. The warm gleam of the lamp rested on its fine close fibre. Its bizarre proportions, its fascinating lines had happened not by the shaping hands of an artist, but by chance through the strange play of the ocean. It was exquisite to look at, a thing, completely beautiful, that had come from the unknown forest, had been tossed on the crests of the sea, had journeyed untold distances; how long, how far, over what cliffs, passing what coves, who knew?

Trees grow very old along this coast. When Sir Walter searched for El Dorado, this branch, perhaps, was old. Did it creak in the wind? Did it bend down from its cliff to the waves below—longingly that they might carry it forth, out to the unbounded sea, far, where the north lights play, or south, where zodiacal rays pour over a luminous sea, and the tropical fishes come: to stare, to jump, and to disappear? The hour of freedom came. Perhaps it was in a snowladen storm that raged from the Alaska peaks, perhaps it was one

summer night, heavy with mist and rain, when the tree came crashing down from the cliff, broke on the steep rocks below, and was softly received by the waves. This branch must have been tossed over spits and bars, and carried out to the ocean, to a glorious destiny, was enveloped in sparkling foam, forever to travel in the breeze, to roam unendingly in the wild arms of the sea, or to sink one day to the eternal sands and the strange things that inhabit the realm of the deep. This was the journey promised by the wind in its game with the singing waves, this was the longed for voyage. But it was not to be: The long-shore currents got hold of the branch and carried it landward and into the bay, and there it was found: bizarre, strange, beautiful.

It was cleaned of the seaweeds, the shells and the sand, and dried out and carefully polished, and at last a lampstand was made from it, to be placed in a cozy room, to be dusted each morning by careful hands, and at night, to shed a friendly light over painted china cups and thin glass, and a table cloth of white lace . . .

Marjorie came back. "Here we are," she said. "I hope, I did not keep you waiting. What was that music on the radio? I made tea. George really prefers coffee, but we often have tea for my sake: China tea in the morning, and Indian tea in the afternoon. That's a good old English custom, and it reminds me of home, you know."

On the tray which Marjorie had brought, I noticed a plate with sandwiches, cut in triangles, some thinly cut bread and butter, jam, and assorted biscuits. "You know, I always try to make an English cup of tea, and serve it, just as I would have done at home. It's wonderful how one can create home for oneself, no matter where. You must try this fruit cake. It is English. I have Aunt Betsy send it to me regularly, all the way from King's Lynn."

Edinburgh Festival

► IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, if deplorable, to write about the Stratford (Ontario) Company's participation in this year's tenth Edinburgh festival without acknowledging the unmistakable flutter of national pride it set up in Canadians in Britain who are interested in such things. It is even less impossible to ignore this altogether understandable phenomenon when faced with the inverted, imperial snobbery of so renowned a critic as Mr. Kenneth Tynan of *The Observer*. The Stratford Company is too British by half for Mr. Tynan. Its direction, its decor, its leading actor (presumably Douglas Campbell, although Tynan acknowledged Christopher Plummer's qualities as Henry V), and therefore the whole enterprise, are damned accordingly. Neither he nor some of his equally provincial, less eloquent colleagues were at all interested in the admitted fact that Stratford's Henry was a faster, more exciting, vital, virile, evenly acted production than they would expect to get from any contemporary English company. The Stratford virtues are perhaps modest; but they do not become vices by taint of "British influence" in the production. And they are not virtues common to the British theatre today. British influence in Canadian theatre may or may not be vicious. That issue is beside the point here. Surely nationalism, upside down or not, is as childish and destructive in criticism as it is in creation. One can only charitably suppose that Mr. Tynan was "alienated" by an overdose of Brecht in London before going to Edinburgh.

Henry V was a popular and, on balance, a critical success at Edinburgh. The Stratford Company's triumph was all the greater for the physical difficulties presented by the Church of Scotland Assembly Hall. The building itself is magnificent with its twin towers and its commanding position on the



ABANDONED FARM—A. W. DAVEY

The Prison Worker

I ask myself, will they ever succeed,
Or find in life some love,
The lost ones in that one-way street
Who traffic with self, its mullioned windows,
Who have doubles in mirrors yet play it safe
And if once they chance it, risk foolishly?

Ex-prisoners are all oppressed
By the betrayal of time, over and over again,
Bewildered and jerked back to child,
Made bitter or made wild,
By the differing pace and uneven tread
Time uses in the prison,
While for the street
Time is suddenly swift-footed, shod
With zip and lightning, it lifts a hoof
And crushes hesitation like a fruit.

Assumes the cloak of God,
Makes them old but leaves them hopeful,
So they fall to age more slowly, unaware
That time has left them and will not support
Their striving offshoots, will bastardize
Their darling moments, send their hours to wait
In institutes, their sleep to hostels,
And on each eager plate
Will ladle the just dole.
There is nothing, nothing in their lives
I do not know, my scout the mole
Has tunnelled under heaps of rusty knives
And filed-down spoons and found
That no bright Orient lies beyond
The prison's underground.

The judge, dimpled, wart-eyed, sage,
Would shape and mould them to his own ripe image:
"Go, build and create from nothing,
Do not risk loving or not-loving,
Be poised and centered, held in balance,
Use time well, spend it not in dalliance;
And may your minds, strictly black and white,
Be neither hard nor soft, but textured right."

Or the poet, grandly free, transforms
All cripples with nature's healing norms:
"Go," he says, "Let world be your court,
And sky your only judge,
Let sun pronounce your sentence,
Kind season execute;
And if you can, make courage
Your own word.
Above all, sing; anger and melancholy
Sound equally on harp or lute."

But courage, and balance, and life underground
Are not easily mingled and are seldom found
In towers, or other high locked places.
Here alcohol and drugs are the beloved faces,
The second mothers who never scold or fret,
Who are all-loving, embrace a man and let
Him follow his will to lullaby unending,
Keep him from hunger and all heart-rending
Doubt, doubt which divides and turns away
Self from true self, which holds sway
In heart's confusion, memory and sick disgust
With all the future; here time must

Adjust its long footsteps, someone's firm hand
Must pace each moment, reassure each planned
Gesture, rehearse for life, direct each role
Whether to success or failure, since the final choice
Is half in darkness; in this do I rejoice:
Take comfort in the half that's mine,
The other half I let the man control.

Miriam Waddington.

On Reading Hodgskin and Hardenberg

The rebels of the dead are failed indeed:
Godwin and D. H. Lawrence who desired
To raise their naked souls to timelessness,
Not even have kept company with us;
Could not, though they so artfully conspired,
Manage in any less pedantic phrases
Than Rousseau sitting at his *escritoire*.

Gerard de Nerval and Baudelaire,
Thought themselves free and all the world still moral,
Now have grandfather's look upon their faces.
We see them crowded in their furniture,
Compare them with the desert-faced Pascal.

Do not disturb the rebels of *autre temps*.
For no one trembles now at Titus Oates
And liberation still is overdue:
(Holcroft and Owen's pamphlets, having burst
Upon a New Society, still excite
The lover of a rubbed Morocco First)
The powdered wigs of the *Eclaircissement*
Are no less powdered now than old John Bright,
Marx and the Communards in their frock coats.

Peter Dale Scott.

The Bare Walls

Coldly crisp the snow-cruised streets go by
like knotted strings leading to the city hub,
the prize which every child must strive
to catch and search with intent fingerings.

The strands of the street lead always
with inevitable precision into the doorway,
the open vestibule, the bare walls of your heart
where you do no longer live.

The pieces of uniform lie cast upon the bed.
The rain-seeped coat, the battered hat
swinging from the hall hook with insolence
insinuating an arrogance beyond possession.

The army claimed you, harking back to youth,
the toy guns, the neat rows of painted soldiers,
latter-day tanks and carriers become now
by harsh atomic filter, more enhancing, lethal.

Your eyes have grown blinding blue of hue
scanning the skies for speed-deafened missiles
and your face is scarred with secretive facts
until you trust none but the geocentric self.

Your human needs so disciplined, deliberately evoked
have turned to caricatures that mocking laugh.
The intermittent hollow of a man is left to hold
and lack of understanding makes that not enough.

Margaret Coluby Whitridge.

Mound overlooking Princes Street and the Gardens. The vast stone courtyard between the main gate and the entrance to the Hall is good and necessary preparation for the unconventional and uncomfortable theatre. The apron stage, built out over the floor of the Assembly Hall, was, it is true, the inspiration of the stage at Stratford (Ont.). It was by no means, however, the model. Michael Langham's main problem in adapting his production to the Assembly Hall was the height of the stage in relation to the audience at least a third of which was at or below eye level with the highest part. Masking was therefore a serious problem and its avoidance undoubtedly reduced the splendour of some scenes. The steps were steeper and narrower, and added hazard to the more violent movements. More serious, indeed catastrophic, if this had been a "poetic" production, were the acoustics. From the sixth row on the side aisle (west), a great deal of the speech was unintelligible. The excitement of the production compensated for this, but my enjoyment was nevertheless qualified by the suspicion that many of the audience would be extremely annoyed. Afterwards, I was pleased and puzzled when people commented on the excellent speech. The mystery was solved when I read that one critic, whose allotted seat, like mine, had been downstairs, was on the point of leaving in disgust at the intermission. A whim sent him instead upstairs, where he stood for the rest of the performance twice as far from the stage as he had been downstairs, and where he understood every word perfectly. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that critical opinion was even more divided about the speaking of the lines than their interpretation. The *idea* of using French speaking actors for the French roles was, on the whole, approved; but the Edinburgh audiences were much more alive to things like Canterbury's reference to "weasel Scots" than to any possible symbolism in the casting of the play.

When they arrived in Edinburgh, the actors seemed to be excited by the challenge of the festival and at the same time

a little frightened. They were tired and not altogether in the best of spirits. Accommodation, always a lottery in Edinburgh at festival time, was not invariably good. Some of the men found themselves in a college dormitory where they were treated like freshmen. This seemed a little hard since they were paying as much as luckier one who drew motherly landladies bristling with hotwater bottles and cups of tea. Then, in spite of all human kindness, the weather was consistently brutal. Many of the actors caught colds. There were long hours of rehearsal crammed into three short days. But the warm reception for *Henry V* on opening night did a lot for morale. "Nothing like it since the opening night at Stratford with Alec Guinness four years ago," said one of the cast.

Oedipus Rex shared none of Henry's qualified acclaim. It was shown only four times in the last week of the festival and I missed it. I am told, however, by knowledgeable people who saw it also at Stratford last year, that this revived production was neither the same, nor as good.

Was the trip worthwhile for the Stratford Company? For the Festival? For Canada? Yes. The project was entirely, if not overwhelmingly, successful in a highly competitive setting.

Postscript: When the Stratford Company was invited to Edinburgh, plans had already been made for Le Theatre du Nouveau Monde to play Molière beside Shakespeare at Stratford; but the question of their coming to Edinburgh as well could not arise seriously because the drama program was complete and all theatre space booked. I hope, for Mr. Tynan's sake, that Jean Gascon's company is invited another time. Or would they, by chance, be too French?

BERNARD TROTTER

Radio and Television

► DOCUMENTARIES and their fascimiles have had me by the ear this month. And this at a time when the documentary method and its approach to reality—through observation of the objective world—has been sinking in the value scale of the arts, while the mythopoeic approach (in drama we know it as fantasy) has been steadily rising. How should we rate still a third perception of the world which derives from knowing how to put together and take apart a piece of machinery? The analysis of spatial relationships has not yet found its exact correspondence in literary or dramatic form, unless we look for it in pantomime, the dance, or other kinds of productions that depend on stylization and abstraction.

Possibly we shouldn't search for this correspondence in abstraction at all; it sometimes occurs to me, in my most nightmarish fantasies, that the physicists and engineers among us have decided to turn their analytical techniques to the warming up of the leftovers of history, Canadian and universal. They take twenty five CCs of copper sulphate, put it into a test tube, just as we used to in chemistry class, and by the time they are through with it, we are apt to get—not bluestone or a related mathematical formula—but something like *The Blood is Strong* (Lister Sinclair), *The Tower of Babel* (Helmut Blume), or *Summer Sunday* (Edward Rollins).

Of these three, only the last pretends to be a documentary, but surely only desperation could have caused a programmer to schedule this on Sunday night television. Far from utilizing what has been achieved by the documentary to date, *Summer Sunday* seemed to be made up of the rag, tag, and bobtail of discarded travelogues and movie stills. "Stills" is the right word here; but I am not exaggerating when I say there were not more than three sentences spoken throughout. The abrupt geographical transitions were neither announced nor named.

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Here is a brief rundown of sequences: a man in a business suit tolls a bell; a view of the chilly faces of church-goers which reminded me of A. N. Whitehead's question, "Is there laughter in heaven?"; a close-up of a minister preaching; some obscure exchanges between a couple starting off in their car; this is introduced verbally as "operation cottage"; shots of a car on the road; slow as it is, we can't be sure it is the same car, and are not shown much of the road which might have proved interesting; a couple unloading a boat from a car roof; a couple swimming—by now we have given up hoping it is the same couple; a man sawing wood into the camera; another man swimming; a definitely other man on a golf course. Suddenly we're in a group of young Canadian climbers, with, I imagine but can't be sure, Cascade mountain in the background; then we're looking into a creamy waterfall—presumably Bow River, but I'm only guessing; now we cross a cable bridge (Capilano Canyon? Oh well, what's a thousand miles these days?); we glimpse seals at Stanley Park (you can tell by the totem poles); now back to Ontario with a bunch of men pitching horse-shoes. This must be hot work because the next shot shows a group of furry Eskimos at their stone carving. No word is spoken and the sound track continues to reel along its golden silence; now we see a pretty girl enjoying herself on a surf-board followed by a shot of two toddlers at the beach—but what beach? Then some people are diving and a Union Jack is flying; back to the beach again—this time a young chap dances a Scottish dance to someone's concertina. Time for a touch of sentiment—two sweethearts on Mount Royal getting into a caleche; a poker-faced crowd in one of Montreal's open street-cars; the midway at Belmont Park; now we move far from the madding crowd to watch an Eskimo dip his paddle against the setting sun.

I hoped numbly that this was the end, but no, we were returned to a southerly afternoon, a boy and girl on a sailboat, more sunshine, and this piece of morality: "Summer is youth. Enjoy it while you may, then in the twilight of life memories will be warm with the thoughts of half-forgotten summers."

Sometimes, even when you get a false moral such as this, you also get impassioned acting and ambitious production as we did in Kraft Theatre's much discussed and specious *Patterns*; but more often you get slipshod work all along the line, as in Helmut Blume's *Tower of Babel*, presented on Guest Theatre from Montreal, August 31. It was billed as a play, but turned out to be merely a lecture on the brotherhood of man, or understanding each other.

At first I thought I must be sitting in on a repeat of *Exploring Minds*, but the intellectual poverty belied this. Then I imagined that I had stumbled in on the church program, *This is Your Life*, but the depths of emotional deadness convinced me that I must be wrong. Even the sets couldn't have been drearier, and lack of money is no excuse now that the women's magazines have demonstrated what can be done with orange crates, burlap, left-over paint, and a little imagination. To that one should add the particular quality of caring about the audience.

Although Mr. Blume talks a great deal about love, he's just, as one ex-prisoner of my acquaintance would put it, giving us the conversation. My heart went out to the group of striving Montreal actors; they may be amateurs, but they are surely not puppets. This was made clear by the zest they showed in an earlier play in this series, Max Cohen's *Etcetera*. Despite serious faults—it wasn't clear whether the hero was retarded or disturbed, and the writer tended to caricature his own characters—the play moved; we were in the presence of something alive. The *Tower of Babel* just ground portentously on until the treasured old recipe for a universal language of the heart—brotherly love—which

Mr. Blume seems to regard as his special family heirloom) was finally announced by a *widerhall* from a crack in the ceiling.

Fortunately, stale echoes can never drown out authentic voices, and some of these are always to be heard if one gives ear to them. Though it would be wrong to classify Arthur Hailey's television play *Flight Into Danger* (Climax, August 20), as a documentary, its success was due entirely to the skillful employment of documentary techniques in writing, acting and production. No one would consider this story, of an average man who boards a plane to Vancouver as a passenger only to become its unwilling pilot, to be in the same class as *The Cherry Orchard*. *Flight* is the story of a reality which demands a mobilization of the individual's forces in a limited situation, not the scattering and diffusion of them in an unlimited one. The focus rarely moves away from outer tensions, but it does manage to encompass the impressive action of operating and landing a four-engine passenger plane. It did not fulfill, nor pretend to, the condition of serious theatre—that it be transforming of reality—but it did meet the test of the good documentary—that it be informing of reality. Quite a few of us viewers, I imagine, could now operate a four-engine plane.

Two recent documentary offerings from C.B.C.'s Winnipeg studios deserve mention. Both the radio (*Here and There*) and the television (*This is Canada*) productions described a lake steamer's journey around the northern reaches of Lake Winnipeg. The radio version was fuller, rounder and more optimistically oriented than the film. Its producer was bent on giving us a sense of the ongoingness of these settlements, and by means of a straightforward script and sensitive interviewing, he communicated the rich individuality of the older settlers.

With the televised film it was otherwise. Here the photographic comprehension of the camera lingered over the sad, darkly-lit faces of the village Indians, and managed to suggest the whole problem of this group which has been pushed farther and farther back from the centre of things geographically, economically, as well as in our national consciousness. I appreciated the camera man's tender regard for the sparse lake settlements and the stunted Manitoba landscapes. His touch was poetic and delicate, and might have been more profound if the film's producer, Felix Lazarus, had cared to lead it in that direction.

It is films like these and all they hint at, which support what is most human and civilized in us, and, at the same time, stir us out of our favourite complacencies. We need such programs on television, and also more like *Conversation* (NBC via CBC) where seasoned and honorable men like Robert Frost and Sean O'Casey are to be met. I don't know which Canadian writers could fit into this silvery haloed category, or could, like Sean O'Casey, after having

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his work so consistently underrated, still broodingly reflect: "Life is a song in one ear, and a lament in the other."

MIRIAM WADDINGTON.

NFB

► NORMAN McLAREN'S greatest gift is not so much his skill at creating sound and images on film in his own unique way, but in his ability to endow all his work with a light and delightful sense of humor. It is childlike without ever being childish, and only the glumest of men can fail to respond to it. Were it not for the uncanny human-like actions and emotions expressed by his shapeless lines, figures, dots and loops, his work might well have lost its appeal in spite of technical virtuosity.

Much of what Norman McLaren has achieved is based on his deep knowledge of mathematics and music. A practical demonstration of the former, combined with his sense of rhythm, comes to the screen for what is probably the first time in *Rythmetic* (7 mins. color) in which McLaren, working with Evelyn Lambart, creates an amusing introduction to arithmetic. Most cleverly devised and carried out, the ten Arabic numerals, from nought to nine, fill out in sections across the screen, add and subtract, and work out the answers to their activities. This could be quite dry were it not for the way the figures behave. They sometimes get mixed-up and annoyed with each other, shove themselves about, perform capricious little tricks, and, elfin-like, seem determined to take solemnity out of sums.

The difficulty here, as Norman McLaren admits, was in knowing at what point to restrain the humor. Already we become so entertained by the human-like behaviour of the figures (and wonder what they will do next) that we forget to concentrate on the lesson. I think, however, that he has struck a nice balance between the two factors. The film is primarily for children (although adults will find it no less appealing) and they will be able to see it many times over. And I'm sure it will achieve what Norman has in mind, mainly, a cheerful introduction to arithmetic.

Rythmetic was made with animated cut out figures, with synthetic sound added to accompany their movements and mischievous antics. The camera remains stationary, there are no close-ups, long-shots or cuts, and the movement takes place within the frame of the film—which assumes the shape and functions of the blackboard. As a welcome non-abstract example of McLaren's interesting work, *Rythmetic* deserves to find a long life in the classroom and a lasting place in film appreciation. I doubt if anything like this has been made before.

Introducing Canada (20 mins. b. & w.) is what film makers term a "stock shot job." This means it was assembled from library material and taken from other films. This is not as easy to do as it sounds. It means exhaustive searching for the right scenes, creating continuity in narrative, and a careful matching of the shots to achieve a uniform visual style.

The purpose of this picture is to convey views of Canada and life here to the fourteen other nations which are members of NATO. It is one of fifteen films being sponsored by NATO in a series called "North Atlantic Community." I would certainly like to see the films made by the other countries about themselves.

Compiled by Tom Daly and Roman Kroitor, this picture bravely tackles the difficult task of covering so vast a country as Canada in twenty minutes, and results in being what is, to us, a collection of familiar material: from the sea, to the wheatfields, the forests, and the mountains. It is, naturally

enough, all sweetness and light, but not, thankfully, excessively so, accompanied by a flat commentary by Stanley Jackson. Tedium is avoided by the excellent editing and Eldon Rathburn's lively score, which carries the picture along with it. One can hardly expect *Introducing Canada* to be any different from what it is, and it cannot be denied that it fulfills efficiently the task it was made to do. But it seems to me that an alert film maker (with a co-operative sponsor) might well try to find a new approach to this now jaded subject, which is done so many times and in so much the same way.

GERALD PRATLEY.

Correspondence

The Editor:

Your July correspondent, Mr. A. G. Christopher of Ile Bigras, appears to think that for literary success two things are wanted: "coprological verse" and industry. With the first one mows down recalcitrant critics; with the second—Pegasus having grown Percheron-heavy—one toils at producing inevitable masterpieces. Not joy, not talent, not insight surprising the seer; but mud, sweat, and tears. Yet surely if it's all that rosy simple why doesn't Mr. Christopher take a smack at it? Let him set to work with a will and for my part I'll supply him from my copious arsenal any fourletter word he might need to "cow into applause" those white-livered recreants, Frye, Wilson, Smith, and MacLure. Such effort would prove a lot more "instructive and amusing" than counting in his sleep the fence-jumping of critics he dreams are running after that old bellwether, A. J. M. Smith.

Mr. Christopher is not the first to gag at my frequent use of coprological and sexual imagery. Long ago in a poem, *Ice Follies*, I announced that "in Canada you can't say shit too often." Crude? Perhaps. But so is shock therapy. Was it some civilized Greek or Chinaman who said, "What men do, an honest man may write of"? In this land of delicate lumbermen, fishermen, and clean-minded Mounties, and also in Great Britain itself, you still can't buy an unexpurgated copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* except under the counter. Canadians, victimized by Protestantism and Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy, are for the life of them unable to distinguish between pornography and necessary candor. More to the point, perhaps, they are so little interested in ideas or art they'll pounce on anything as a face-saving formula for having sports and money-making as their only genuine concerns. When a grown-up Canadian pretends that his nervous system, so delicately attuned, so sensitive, is shattered by seeing an "obscenity" in print, I confess I'm more than a little suspicious. "A bungalow-dweller," I say to myself morosely and turn to Rabelais for nepenthe.

It must be said that the critics and reviewers in this country have been of no help to poets battling this pervasive and odious prudery. They may have thought that noticing it would confer upon it a critical status it did not deserve; or they may have been taken up with weightier matters like plumbing the subconscious with an amphibrach or a hypercatalectic; perhaps they believed that the fight was over and all the censor-morons and silly old maids had been routed. Whatever the reason—timidity, academic blindness to live issues—they missed a chance to demonstrate that criticism is something other than that which merely waits and is parasitic upon the creative act. Of course the issue goes much deeper than that. My own feeling is that their values are not too different from the bulk of English-speaking Canadians and those values for good or ill are basically and unavoidably Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon is not at home in the world of art. Ecstasy, emotional intensity, candour—a poet is a

man with a terrifying need to confess, said Chekov—embarrass and disconcert him. Confronted by them, his strategy as Lawrence so well knew is to convert this raw discomfort-producing stuff into “ideas” as quickly as possible, into the mumbo-jumbo of the latest psychologies, into safe and restful scholarship. The latter have their uses but only an English professor in a Canadian university is capable of the sickening blasphemy of preferring them to the Dionysian element.

By way of illustrating my point I recall the public spanking I got on *Critically Speaking* for having written and dared to publish the poem, *Intransitive Verb*, which goes beautifully like this: “I smell, You smell, We all smell.” Now a Russian, or a Bulgar, or a Jew—I’ve tried the poem on all three—laughs unashamedly to the skies when he’s given such an exquisite mélange of vulgarity, cynicism, and witty phrasing for they are familiar with thousands equally as good and better in their own tongues. Tolstoy’s tabletalk, so Gorki tells us, was not meant for virgins nor, let me add, the prissy schoolmarm and juiceless librarians across this vast and desolate dominion. Ways of feeling and speaking that are alien to the dominant Anglo-Saxon culture patterns are apt to be looked upon with mistrust and only too often with contempt. This is unfortunate and perhaps inevitable. English-Canadians are not overly gifted with either imagination or sensitivity, or with that wonderful accepting

emotionalism which can make good the lack of either and which I think the Russians more than any other people I know have got. Certainly in evaluating the work of non-Anglo-Saxons the “ideologism” of Frye and the inhibiting classicism of Smith operate as a culture-osmosis, rejecting “the awkward and alive,” the aggressively novel; preferring to them the inoffensive, the elegantly polished, the elegiac. Thus Mr. Frye has exuberant praise for Wilfrid Watson’s *Friday’s Child* but dismisses Louis Dudek’s *Europe* almost contemptuously. To a working poet like myself that makes no sense at all. The one has written old and overworked themes in old and overworked rhythms, the other has captured a novel music that is beyond the competency of any other Canadian poet writing today. Even having a bad ear as Mr. Frye has can hardly excuse his insensitivity to the rare beauty of phrasing of poem 95 of *Europe*, nor his failure to applaud with humility and gratitude the significance of its achievement.

It may seem that I have gone far afield and that I’ve forgotten our poor correspondent who wished to have a bit of fun at my expense. But indeed I have not. Mr. Christopher of Ile Bigras is what I’m talking about, talking about all the time. True, it might seem somewhat unfair that I crowd him into the same pew with the critics whom he takes to task for seeing merit in my later work, but that can’t be helped. Poetry, to change the metaphor, makes strange bedfellows.



PRAIRIE SENTINELS—A. W. DAVEY

When he refers to Mr. Dudek as my "doppelganger" and reproves him for imitating my "more unfortunate aspects," a reference without doubt to Mr. Dudek's poem, *Dirty Stuff*, I can't help feeling somewhat bitter. Had our critics and reviewers and professors of English been alert and concerned to free themselves from narrowing cultural prejudices, that sort of silly finger-wagging would in the year 1956 A.D. have been impossible. For that poem, published in the winter-spring issue of *Origin*, is not only serious and audaciously beautiful, it says something which English-Canadians have most need of hearing. No English-Canadian poet would or could have written it. Needless to say, it will never appear in any anthology edited by Messrs. Klinck and Watters, or by Mr. Smith, though in my humble opinion it most richly deserves to.

Irving Layton.

The Editor:

It is probably bad form for a poet to reply to a reviewer, but when Anne Marriott writes (of poems in *The White Monument*) that "... we do not have the excitement of searching for layers of meaning below the surface symbol," I protest.

Let us take but one example, the short poem "Harvest," which has at least five layers of meaning. There is, of course, the surface description of a sunny day in late summer while the grain is being cut. Then, there is the exploitation of youth by a mechanized, commercial civilization which willingly throws aside those whose vigor it has exhausted. Thirdly, there is the suggestion that the cycle described has meaning in terms of human life of all times and places, with the ceaseless passing of the generations. It is also suggested that civilizations spend themselves in a flurry of activity and are then thrown on the rubbish heap of history. Finally, it is implied that the universe itself is subject to the inexorable operation of the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Must one clutter up a book with footnotes or write a separate volume of explanation? Or is the simplicity of statement for which we strive a snare and a delusion?

A. Robert Rogers

The Editor,

Since writing the letter published in your last issue, I have discovered that there were two appeals from Speaker's rulings in 1913, and that five (not four) of the appeals against Mr. Speaker Lemieux's rulings were in 1926. Also, it was from 1918 to 1921 inclusive (not 1918 to 1922) that there were no appeals. I should be glad if you would publish these corrections of my errors.

Eugene Forsey

Ottawa, Ont.

Turning New Leaves

The province of Quebec has become highly industrialized. In the last two decades its rate of industrialization has been higher than that of Canada as a whole, with vast unexploited hydro-electric and mineral resources which promise a long term development for the future. This industrialization has followed a pattern familiar to all North Americans: large-scale monopolistic enterprises using advanced technological techniques and dependent upon national, continental or even world markets. There is nothing remarkable in the nature of this industrialization and even the undeveloped potential resources are no more staggering than those of Ontario or British Columbia. But in Quebec this industrialization has been a more seriously disruptive factor than in any other part of North America.

Quebec is unique because the predominantly French Canadian society has a philosophy and aspirations based on

the determination to survive as a distinct society and so is antipathetic, even antagonistic, to the prevailing North American "materialism" and "progress." In the political sphere in the nineteenth century, the danger to survival led to opposition by the French Canadians to union with Upper Canada and to Confederation but leaders such as Lafontaine and Cartier convinced their compatriots that there was little danger as long as the French Canadian remained united and acted as a political bloc. To French Canadians, responsible government was a means of survival and the theories of double majority and provincial rights were natural corollaries. In the economic sphere an analogous situation has developed. There has been opposition to the adoption of new economic techniques, just as there was to political change, because it would involve a compromise, an alteration in the structure of French Canadian society. Scholars, especially sociologists and economists, have attempted to analyse the situation in contemporary Quebec and have shown that, despite this opposition by leaders in church and state, French Canada has become industrialized, and that the opposition to industrialization has resulted in an almost schizophrenic society with lip-service paid to the old traditions by people who have in practice adopted the North American "way of life." To continue the analogy with the political situation of a century ago, Quebec needs another Lafontaine or Cartier to lead the way to a compromise in the economic sphere which is compatible with the economic reality but which will still preserve the unique characteristics of French Canadian society.

*La Grève de l'amiante** is an attempt to lay the foundations for such a compromise. The ten essays in the volume deal with the Asbestos strike of 1949 but to the collaborators the strike "marque une étape dans toute l'histoire religieuse, politique, sociale et économique de la province de Québec" (379) and so the emphasis is on the intellectual and institutional context in which the strike occurred. It is this approach which makes the book important.

The introduction by the editor, P. E. Trudeau, an essay of some ninety pages, is a masterly analysis of the reaction of the French Canadian intellectuals to the deplorable fact of the industrialization of Quebec since the turn of the century. It is the best essay in the volume; it is also the best study of this topic yet published. Trudeau shows how the *nationaliste* ideal has led prominent laymen and clerics sometimes to ignore industrialization and at other times to combat it by appeals to their compatriots to remain on or return to the rural parish, the only place where French Canadian society can preserve its ethos intact. Even the schemes to adapt society to the new economic developments are shown to be unrealistic panaceas, still based on a rejection of large-scale enterprise; that French Canadians should restrict their economic activities to small enterprises or cooperatives, that French Canadians should rely upon the effect of *achat chez nous*, and that French Canadian laborers should be organized in Catholic trade unions and should accept the theories of a corporate state. French Canadian institutions such as *la Société Saint-Jean Baptiste*, *l'Ecole sociale populaire* and *l'Action nationale*, as well as the educational institutions, have directed their activities to preserve a French Canadian society which no longer exists. Even the Roman Catholic Church has interpreted the doctrines of *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* to foster this obsolescent form of French Canadian nationalism. The political parties in Quebec have further confused the situation by demagogic appeals to nationalist prejudices and so have suppressed any rational discussion of the new social and economic problems.

*LA GREVE DE L'AMIANTE: P. E. Trudeau (ed.); Les éditions Cité Libre, Montreal, 1956.

There is a scholarly array of quotations from such men as Groulx, Montpetit, Mgr. Gauthier and Duplessis to support this iconoclastic interpretation. That Catholic trade unions, dominated by clerical and nationalist ideas, could only develop by rejecting the official social philosophy and adopting a more realistic approach. Thus in 1949 the stage was set and a new act began with the Asbestos strike.

The subsequent essays support this analysis by describing conditions in the asbestos industry; showing the financial complexity of an industry controlled by American corporations who also provided the market for the asbestos fibres, and the confusion within the Catholic trade union frustrated in its bargaining by clerical and political pressure and by rivalry with international unions. The account of the strike itself and the negotiations leading to a settlement emphasize the changing outlook of the French Canadian unionists and the moral support given to the workers by French Canadian university students, some of the clergy and the clerical newspapers, in spite of the theoretical illegality of the strike. In the words of *Le Devoir*, "*nous commençons aujourd'hui à posséder une conscience sociale*" (287). Réginald Boisvert in another able essay analyses the effect of the strike on trade unionism in the province and the recognition by other trade unions that the C.T.C.C. has become a militant union which puts the interests of its members above nationalism and confessionalism, concluding that the federation of all Canadian trade unions is possible despite the differences in policy which still exist.

The conclusions drawn by Trudeau in his "Epilogue" are tempered by a refreshing realism. In spite of the significance attributed to the Asbestos strike there is no deterministic assumption that French Canada has completed a philosophical revolution. Labor legislation is still unreformed, the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec is divided and possibly becoming more conservative, and the nationalist school has learned nothing. But the strike has shown that Quebec is adjusting to the fact of industrialization and, despite the aridity of the social philosophy provided by the traditional leaders of French Canadian society, that the French Canadian workers are developing a philosophy more compatible with the contemporary economic foundations of their society.

La Grève de l'amiante is the most important contribution of recent years to the study of French Canada in transition. No reviewer could resist pointing out that in such a study the essays are not of equal merit, but this volume has a unity based on agreement as to the crucial nature of the social problem presented by a working class which has no place in the traditional social philosophy of French Canada. There are differences of opinion as, for example, Gérard Dion and Gérard Pelletier on the attitude of the church towards labor (261, 315), but these differences are inevitable in such an analytical study. The major qualification is that the book seems to have exaggerated the degree of reorientation of the French Canadian working class. It is claimed that this class has exchanged the old nationalist philosophy for a new one—but the results of the recent provincial election suggest that the old shibboleths still have a strong appeal.

A word of warning may be necessary for English Canadian readers. Wishful thinking might lead to the conclusion that this book represents a rejection of the idea of French Canadian survival and that it advocates the adoption of the North American trade union philosophy to meet the challenge of North American capitalism in Quebec, and so it is a step towards the assimilation of French Canadian society. The authors have rejected the outmoded ideas of a rural society but they have not adopted a materialistic or anti-nationalist philosophy. Without drawing up a blueprint for the future

they have still accepted implicitly the fundamental principle of the survival of a French Canadian society, not the society of the nineteenth century but nonetheless a society with a philosophy which will distinguish it from the rest of North America. Only if their challenge to outmoded concepts is ignored by French Canadian leaders is there a danger that these men will become increasingly radical and follow the pattern of the *Rouges* of a century ago. *H. B. Neatby.*

Books Reviewed

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF SAMUEL JOHNSON: Walter Jackson Bate; Oxford; pp. x, 233; \$5.00.

In his attempt to define Johnson's personal achievement "the struggle to rise above what threatened to overwhelm him by trying to isolate and describe it, hold it at arm's length—to pluck its teeth, so to speak, by seeing it intellectually for what it was, and at the same time to avoid self-absorption and subjective rationalization"—Professor Bate has written a book of considerable intellectual range and liberal perspective. The opening biographical chapter places its emphasis upon certain moral premises that underlie Johnson's writing on life and literature, particularly the ability of man to remain a free agent and so determine within limits his own destiny. The remainder of the book focusses attention upon this central premise, and suggests that it largely determines Johnson's critical temper and attitude in his writings on life and literature. By proceeding from this direct hypothesis to analyses of "the hunger of imagination," the "stability of truth" ("the twin poles between which Johnson's practical insights into human life and destiny move back and forth"), and the "treachery of the human heart" (a centre of indifference, so to speak), and, ultimately, by seeing these in relation to Johnson's literary criticism, the

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author has achieved a unity of argument that is admirably coherent. But the fact remains that the hypothesis excludes much that is immediately relevant, including questions concerning the validity of the hypothesis itself.

The great range of Johnson's critical faculty is here reproduced in compelling terms. His wisely sane and sanely wise approach to the subject of the form and function of literature, his healthful reminder that performance in literature comes before precept, his constant insistence upon the appeal from criticism to nature, his skilful avoidance of "the false dialectic with which the criticism of literature and art forces us to think in terms of polar opposites—of classicism and romanticism, realism and formalism, subjective and objective," his independence of judgment, "his unfearing humanity," his value-judgments of tradition and convention—these aspects of Johnsonian criticism are amply illustrated and serve as incontestable proof of the integrity and the wisdom of Johnson's critical position. But the terms are, for the most part, intellectual. Criticism as an art, that is, as an activity in which the most refined sensibility must be fused with the most discerning judgment, does not find its fullest expression in Johnson; that element of Dryden's genius which he so admired, "that power which constitutes a poet," was denied him.

Professor Bate's failure to see Johnson's critical position in terms of the historical perspective of "neo-classic" criticism is perhaps the most serious short-coming of his study. True, he makes it clear that such historical analysis lies beyond his present aim; but he is thereby led to judgments that do not quite rest upon "the stability of truth." Johnson's "Life" of Dryden, one of the greatest and most sure-footed of the *Lives*, is some indication that Dryden's career as a man of letters exemplified the literary qualities and the breadth of judgment that Johnson sought in his own critical theory and practice. Dryden's final position on the subject of the rules, his independence of critical judgment, his views on the utility of tradition and convention, his attempt, in his poetic practice, to provide poetry with "a more dynamic conception of form," his critical terminology, his "conservatism" (which for Dryden as well as Johnson was meant to include the conserving of "ends" and of "liberalism")—these are intellectual components of the neo-classic tradition to which Johnson fell heir; they are not, as Professor Bate implies, unique features of Johnson's position and achievement. Moreover, Dryden's heightened poetic sensibility, which is reflected in virtually every page of his critical essays, does not find a parallel in Johnson. The avoidance of "self-absorption and subjective rationalization," which Professor Bate interprets as one of the clues to Johnson's "achievement," ultimately militates against a complete art of criticism. Johnson's response to *Lycidas* is more than "merely one of his few quaint misfires"; rather it is sad and silent testimony to a limited poetic sensibility.

Any difference of opinion upon fundamental premises does not, however, subtract from the great number of fine things one may find in Professor Bate's sympathetic study of Johnson. His brilliant analysis of "the over-all themes of his writing," his skill in defining "the organic character of his thinking," his ability to demonstrate the applicability of Johnson's general intellectual premises to different areas of his thought—these testify to the excellence of the author's scholarship and to his critical acumen, upon which he has built an enviable reputation. The general scope of his subject has necessarily limited the range of his discussion of Johnson's literary criticism, which, he modestly states in his preface, "has seemed painfully inadequate." The chapter "Johnson as a Critic" is far from "inadequate" nor is the manner "perfunctory"; that it leads to certain over-simplifications or misplaced emphases is the inevitable result, not of

a limited knowledge—Professor Bate's knowledge of his subject is impressively comprehensive—but rather of the exigencies of contemporary scholarly publication. The book is addressed to the general reader rather than to the specialist, and it provides valuable insights into Johnson's intellectual temper in addition to an analysis of the psychology which underlay his life and work.

GEORGE FALLE.

SELECTED POEMS: Raymond Souster; Contact Press, 28 Mayfield Ave., Toronto; pp. 135; \$2.00.

In Raymond Souster's poetry the purity is all. "Dressing it up, faking it" is hardly worth the effort. He aims at the genuine, the honest-to-god, the unmistakable. Such poetry does not invite question or scrutiny; you just take it or leave it. When it is bad, it is bad because it fails to live up to its own special standards and becomes forced or artificial. When it is good, it is just final and inexplicable. Reading these selected poems (from twelve years and nine books), one can disregard the tricky or overwritten or pointlessly traditional, knowing that Souster doesn't really mean it and that any moment he will be really himself. In such poems as *Flight of the Roller Coaster*, *Girl at Elizabeth and Dundas*, *For the Birds*, *Humber Valley Prospect*, *The Attack*, and, except for its feeble conclusion, *The Home* (to choose examples from the last two books only), he is himself from first to last, although not always in the same way. What could one possibly add or take away from an epigram like this:

"I might have been a slum child,
I might have learned to swear and steal,
I might have learned to drink and whore.
But I was raised a good bourgeois child
And so it has taken me a little longer."

But the average Souster poem is less consistently pure:

"What she collects is men
As a bee honey, leaving out
The subtlety of that swift winger. There's little
In the way her eyes look into theirs (O take me)
Her body arches forward (possess me now).

At her age (other women say)
It's ridiculous: but how much envy
Mixes with fact? They will say: none,
But we know better, watching their faces. Still, admit,
What she collects finally, is pain."

I like this poem (*The Collector*): not merely the shift of perception with which it ends, but the easy control of a variety of briefly suggested points of view (she, they, we, and finally you the reader), and even minor technical matters like the handling of parentheses, and the clotted punctuation. But I also have strong reservations about how Souster develops his bee image. "The subtlety of that swift winger" is imprecise and stylistically false (What sort of subtlety is attributed to the bee and not to the woman? Is a contrast of swiftness and slowness implied? Why the neo-classical tone of "that swift winger?" "Irony" is no answer to this last question); the grammatical ambiguity of "leaving out" is rather pointless (Does she herself leave out the subtlety, or does the poet tell us to leave it out of the image? Don't answer "both"); and the overall conceit of the "collector," while it unifies the poem and makes possible the neatness and symmetry of the final turn, involves more artifice and self-conscious effort than this sort of poem seems to warrant. The curious reader might try looking at *The Dead Squirrel* and see if he comes up with similar reservations.

I say these things not to suggest that Souster ought to take more care with his poems. God forbid. My remarks are simply a reviewer's reflections on what he has read and do little more than underline an obvious fact: the penalty of

writing like Souster is that the purity draws attention to and exaggerates the impurity. No doubt the ideal reader will be too disarmed to complain.

Milton Wilson.

DYLAN THOMAS: Henry Treece; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 158; \$2.50.

In the years since Dylan Thomas died, the extraordinary choral dirge which accompanied his passing has been succeeded by reminiscence, revaluation, and experimental critical inquiry. To speak only of books, Elder Olson's explanation of the sonnet sequence "Altarwise by owl-light" has received the mixed reception it deserves, John Malcolm Brinnin's *Dylan Thomas in America* has performed its shocking and emetic function, a near-definitive bibliography has recently been published, and now Henry Treece has revised and re-issued his study of the poet, first published in 1949, when Thomas, still the *enfant terrible* of salon, pub, lecture-hall and broadcasting studio, was just set on the final tack of his "voyage to ruin."

Mr. Treece is an agreeable writer and was once an "Apocalyptic poet." In that waggish little piece "How to be a Poet," Thomas imagines his prentice poet emerging in the forties, "engulfed, so that he could not see the wool for the Treece, in a kind of apocalyptic batter." Unfortunately Mr. Treece is no critic. The first edition of this book was next to useless and this version is hardly any better. The revision is careless: for example in the very first sentence of chapter 6, where one would think it could hardly be missed, one finds "The main body of work so far produced by Dylan Thomas . . ." And not only that is irritating, but the whole approach and all its divisions. A chapter to the tenuous analogy between Thomas's poetic technique and surrealism, a chapter to the influence of Hopkins, a completely pointless chapter "The Medievalist," passages of incoherent analysis of lines, stanzas and bigger parts of poems, quotations from what other critics said when the poems were first published, a ludicrous treatment of the "Ballad of the Long-legged Bait" (and nothing at all about the best of the poems, "A Winter's Tale"), some comments on the prose. Even Olson is better than this. Worst of all is the general attitude to the subject. I think most serious students would agree with Mr. Treece that Thomas's range was limited, that his powers were set off by serious faults, that he showed little sign of advancing from pastoral to tragedy or epic—though he obviously wanted to do just that. But why not say this in a reasoned way, instead of in a series of niggling and patronizing comments tacked onto the edges of eulogistic paragraphs? The passages of comment on the stories and BBC pieces are

more pointed and helpful than the analyses of the poems, but there too Mr. Treece gives with one hand and yanks away with the other. He has been profoundly moved by *Under Milk Wood* (as who is not?), calls it in one place organically unified and a "perfected piece of work," but elsewhere he says that it is "blurred and static when seen as a whole," and that it represents "a pointilliste technique too refined for the theatre." The use of that term "pointilliste" is the nearest that he comes, anywhere in this book, to a provocative critical comment, though I'm not sure that it really means very much.

If you compare this mean, thin, circuitous approach to the poetry of Dylan Thomas with such a balanced and perceptive analysis as Karl Shapiro's little essay in *Poetry* (November, 1955), you will see the difference between hindsight weakly masquerading as insight on the one hand and thoughtful critical judgment on the other. There is hardly a sentence in Shapiro's essay which does not satisfy, and persuade. I commend it as an instruction and a means of rescue for anyone who is careless enough to get bogged in the clichés of this book.

Millar MacLure.

THE MOFFAT PAPERS. SELECTIONS FROM THE DIPLOMATIC JOURNALS OF JAY PIERREPONT MOFFAT, 1919-1943: Edited by Nancy Harvison Hooker, with a Foreword by Sumner Welles; Harvard University Press (S. J. Reginald Saunders); pp. vi, 408; \$9.00

The State Department under Elihu Root and Charles Evans Hughes—"a quaint old place," in Mr. Kennan's nostalgic recollections, "with its law office atmosphere, its cool dark corridors, its swinging doors, its brass cuspidors, its black leather rocking chairs, and the grandfather's clock in the Secretary of State's office"—was not a branch of government to which young men of ambition and ability were readily attracted. Business and the professions offered more exciting and more lucrative prospects; the low prestige and humble pay of a Foreign Service career were likely to appeal only to those of determination and independent means. It was fortunate for his country that Jay Pierrepont Moffat possessed both. When he applied to the State Department in November, 1917, after rejection as unfit for military service, there were no vacancies—not even for a descendent of Livingstons, Lows and Constables (as well as of Jays and Pierreponts) and an outstanding graduate of Groton and Harvard. He went to Amsterdam as the unpaid private secretary of the U.S. Minister. In 1919 he was admitted. His appointment as Third Secretary of Legation in Warsaw began a diplomatic career which was cut short in 1943 by his death at the age of forty-six while Minister to Canada. During his quarter century of service Pierrepont Moffat accumulated over fifty volumes of papers; from his diary and memoranda, comprising around ten thousand typewritten pages (and now deposited at the Harvard College Library), the selection published as *The Moffat Papers* has been compiled.

The vantage points from which Moffat surveyed and in a measure shaped "the locust years" were Warsaw, Tokio, Constantinople, Berne, Washington, Sydney and Ottawa. The *Moffat Papers* come mainly from the last three posts. In Washington, from 1931 to 1935, he pursued the chimera of disarmament; from 1937 to 1940 he helped to formulate the Administration's response to the mounting menace of the Axis and the problems of "the twilight war." As U.S. Consul General in Australia he spent two interesting and difficult years (1935-1937) which were largely and not entirely successfully devoted to the mollification of Sir Henry Gullett, the "archpriest of bilateral balancing." It was in Australia that Moffat met Dr. Warren Harding, a nephew

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of the President, who told him that before the fatal coronary seizure at San Francisco Harding had been worried about his heart and that if he suffered an attack he intended "to resign his office, although fully conscious of the immense sensation which such a step, the first in American history, would have caused" (139).

But it is in Ottawa that the Moffat record acquires its chief historical importance. As Minister to Canada during what were perhaps the two most critical years in the history of Canadian-American relations Moffat occupied a strategic command post of diplomacy. Within a few days of his arrival in Ottawa on June 12th, 1940, he was caught up in the exchanges between Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill about the disposition of the British fleet in "certain possible eventualities," and helped Mackenzie King play his cherished interpreter's rôle. He accompanied the Canadian Prime Minister to Ogdensburg in August, 1940, and there is printed in *The Moffat Papers* a full account of this meeting with the President, one of the decisive events of Canadian foreign policy. There is a full account, too, of the thorny problem of St. Pierre and Miquelon. Moffat's Diary for December 25th, 1941, when word arrived of Admiral Muselier's occupation, tells something of the atmosphere of wartime Ottawa and of the lives of not-so-quiet desperation led by senior civil servants: "It was approaching three, and Norman Robertson had not had a bite of Christmas dinner"—how remote the Fabian gibe about diplomatists playing, like the Trafalgar Square fountains, from ten to four with an interval for lunch! Mackenzie King thought highly of his Department of External Affairs, "peculiarly able and deserving of all praise"; but "Robertson and Pearson always wanted to go a little too fast . . . they were pressing him to establish Canadian Legations all over the place" (373). There is a revealing glimpse of Roosevelt's opinion of Mackenzie King: "King has his limitations, but he is in the war to the hilt now (February, 1941) and mustn't be disturbed" (351). Moffat's opinion of King is set forth in a lengthy despatch of December 21st, 1940; it is a remarkably acute appraisal of the personal and political life of the Canadian Prime Minister.

There will be those who think that publication of *The Moffat Papers* might well have been postponed. Mr. Bruce Hutchison has publicly deplored their appearance at this time and his reasons may be worth examining. The first is that Pierrepont Moffat himself would not have approved—that he would, indeed, have felt "outraged, humiliated and betrayed" at the State Department's so "casually breaking the confidence of many living Canadians" (*The Financial Post*, August 4th, 1956). But many of Moffat's despatches will shortly be published, like those of his predecessors, in *The Foreign Relations of the United States*, an official series which has been practicing for many decades the Wilsonian precept of letting the American public (and any interested foreigners) know what its diplomatists are about. Thus Moffat was aware that there was a reasonable likelihood of many of his despatches appearing before he retired. As for his diary, publication, where not actually an objective, is an occupational hazard of any diarist. It is hard to believe that Moffat would have painstakingly compiled his day by day account, singularly free from personal and private references, with the object of consigning it to the bonfire or even to half a century's sojourn in a vault. (Nor does it seem likely that his distinguished father-in-law, Mr. Joseph C. Grew, would urge its publication if the author was known by him to have been opposed). Mr. Hutchison's second reason is that early revelation of secrets of state makes diplomacy that much more difficult for all concerned. He asks: "How can foreign diplomats do business in candor with a State Department which, at any moment, may publish their most private

communications" and thereby expose them "to political controversy in the most delicate matters?" He has a point. *The Moffat Papers* record a discussion on Soviet frontiers in 1942 between Moffat and a senior External Affairs official, in which the latter expressed the view that "Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania was a small price to pay to convince Russia of Britain's trust and earnestness" (381). The remark was made in circumstances greatly different from the present; it may have been a passing fancy rather than considered opinion; perhaps it was improperly rendered, or, for that matter, incorrectly attributed. But its disclosure in 1956 cannot be thought helpful. On the other hand, while the State Department's generosity with its archives can be as inconvenient to the professional diplomatist as it is gratifying to the historian, it is easy to exaggerate the consequences. Which is it better to endure: the rather remote risk of inhibiting future negotiation, or the danger that in the guise of a plea for "quiet diplomacy" blunders will be covered up and legitimate criticism avoided? It may well be, as de Tocqueville once feared, that democratic processes and a diplomacy of maximum efficiency are incompatible. But a democracy should not willingly sacrifice the former to the latter.

Canadians do not and cannot know much about their diplomatic history. Their politicians rarely write memoirs; their government is indifferent, if not hostile to official history and the publication of documents. They must learn from others less inhibited and uninterested than themselves: from Britons, Australians, Americans (for in this matter everyone else is out of step). Of these sources *The Moffat Papers* are of unrivalled importance. Canadians can be grateful to their author for his candid and perceptive record of their affairs, and to their editor, Mrs. Nancy Hooker, for her discriminating selection and careful presentation. *James Eayrs.*

GALLIPOLI: Alan Moorehead; Hamish Hamilton; pp. 384; \$4.50.

THE FATAL DECISIONS: Generals Kreipe, Blumentritt, Bayerlein, Zeitzler, Zimmerman and Manteuffel; Michael Joseph; pp. xii, 262; \$5.00.

Here are two books, both excellent and interesting, which are both studies of failure in war: by the Allies at the Dardanelles in 1915, by the Germans in the later phases of the struggle of 1939-45.

Alan Moorehead was one of the best of the war correspondents of the Second World War. He has now turned to a study of the dramatic episode at Gallipoli in the earlier war, and has produced a quite fascinating account of it. The military student will find that it contains little or nothing that is new; but the general reader could hardly have a more trenchant summary of the facts. Moorehead has read the voluminous literature of the Dardanelles campaign and has re-told the tragic and heroic story in brilliant and moving narrative. Much could be said about it by way of commentary; but the aspect of the whole business that impresses this reviewer most is the changing interpretation, over the years, of the part played by Winston Churchill. Gallipoli was his operation; its failure drove him from the Admiralty and for years it hung like a millstone round his neck. But as time passed and the historians did their work it became apparent that the campaign was not an example of (to quote the title of a book about it by a British general) "the perils of amateur strategy." The amateur in fact produced a strategic idea which might have shortened the war and changed the history of the world. The German and Turkish records have revealed that more than once the enterprise was within a hair's-breadth of success. Botched by the incompetence and lethargy of some of the professional military men concerned,

it remains forever one of the greatest cautionary tales in the history of warfare.

The production of military memoirs has become a major industry in post-war Germany. Many books, some of them very interesting indeed, have been written by the German generals. *The Fatal Decisions* is a cooperative effort, apparently intended primarily for consumption in the English-speaking countries. Six generals contribute accounts of episodes of the war of which they have first-hand knowledge, and a seventh, Westphal, the very intelligent author of *Heer in Fesseln* (translated as *The German Army in the West*) writes a commentary which provides continuity. The book is thus in some degree an account of the whole of Germany's war. For those not previously acquainted with the generals' writings it affords a good cross-section of them. It is particularly characteristic in its attitude towards Hitler. The "fatal decisions" of the title are mostly his. The basic theme of the generals' memoirs has been Hitler's responsibility for their defeats. It is overdone, here as elsewhere; this book contains very few references to Hitler's many sound decisions in the early part of the war. Nevertheless there is substance in the generals' complaint; and no trait of the dictator's was more fatal to his cause than his obstinate unwillingness to allow his commanders to give up ground when conditions called for it. There are many examples of this in the book.

There are also a fair number of errors in matters of detail, for the generals are presumably writing largely from memory. Nevertheless the volume is a contribution to history, for it is based on first-hand knowledge. When General Zeitzler describes his long and unsuccessful struggle to prevail upon Hitler to order the evacuation of Stalingrad, and after the city was encircled to allow the garrison to break out, we may wonder whether he is not perhaps exaggerating his own courage, pertinacity and insight; but in essentials his account is doubtless accurate. In terms of adding to the sum of public knowledge the two contributions dealing with the Russian campaign (Blumentritt on Moscow and Zeitzler on Stalingrad) are the most important; but the book as a whole will give many readers a better picture of Hitler's Germany at war than they have ever had before.

C. P. Stacey.

MY DOG TULIP: J. R. Ackerley; British Book Service; Secker and Warburg; pp. 164; \$2.25.

The joys and trials of everyday life with an Alsatian bitch are described in this delightful book with an accuracy and realism that would be intolerable in a literary discussion of human behaviour and which, indeed, is only commonly found in family appraisals among French relatives. Those who do not like the real world may be offended by the details of diet, digestion and sex presented in this book; they should turn to James Thurber. True dog lovers will savour the humor and understand the emotions of the author. Those who are indifferent to dogs will not understand and will be appalled by the effort and money absorbed by the proper care of an apartment dwelling dog. All will admire the author's lucidity of expression and elegance of style.

The discussion of canine sex drive and experience sometimes gives the impression of excessive concern for the privations of urban dogs. Yet the moral of Tulip's own history is that it would be nice to let dogs do what comes naturally, but that the burden of caring for and later disposing of the consequences is such as not to be borne twice. The context of this discussion is rather narrow. This is only a special case of the principle of diminishing marginal returns to which all creatures are exposed, alas. In the treatment of such a universal topic, the *couleur locale* provided by the descriptions of Wimbledon Common, including suicides that have occurred there, seems superfluous.

All conscientious dog owners have faced the challenge of understanding their dogs' essential nature and have been defeated. At times their dogs appear to be motivated by love, at times by hunger, or fear, or by any of a host of other sentiments. The canine pattern of action often fits none of these hypotheses and then the philosophers are driven back to thinking of their dogs as being only good or bad. They learn caution. "No doubt the reason why I took the constant care I did to prevent her from being put to the test of how far she would go, was that I had to admit I had an inkling."

Harry Eastman.

CORRECTION

CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS reviewed in Turning New Leaves in our September issue was listed at \$7.50. It should have been \$6.50.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

GRETLE KRAUS FISCHER was born and educated in Czechoslovakia, worked in London from 1939 to 1951 and has lately been a student at the University of British Columbia . . . BERNARD TROTTER is with the Overseas Division of the CBC . . . We are glad to welcome back STELLA HARRISON, whose "Letter from London" was one of our regular features for many years . . . EMIL L. FACKENHEIM is professor of philosophy at University College, Toronto.

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By James D. Hart. 3rd edition, revised and enlarged.
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THE B.C. ELECTION (Continued from front page)

politics as fast as possible. There are several ways of attempting it.

One is to soften down the provincial program on public ownership, to court Liberal supporters. In the long run this might work, but the B.C. CCF seems to me unlikely to pursue this course. Business units in the major industries in this province are huge in size and essentially unlovable. The idea of public ownership or control of these basic industries does not, I think, arouse public anger; but it does arouse fear. The real opposition of the B.C. public to a socialist party stems not from loyalty to major private enterprises but from fear that the coming into power of socialists would instantly frighten away investment capital and kill the boom. To win elections here a party must guarantee development at an ever-increasing speed.

The CCF could try saying, over and over again, that there is a permanent place in a socialist society for private investment and private enterprise. They could try to persuade businessmen in industries not slated for socialization that their future is safe. They could announce some definite plans for major resource development under government auspices. In this way they might manage to assure the voters that they can vote CCF and still keep their boom. But on the whole I think the CCF in this province is unlikely to adopt a bland and convincing policy of coexistence with private enterprise.

The CCF here has always been an angry, militant party. It has always seemed farther left than the party nationally because the major industries here are big, tough, and invite hostility both from their unionized employees and from the general public. Incidentally it would not be surprising if Mr. Bennett suddenly attacks the industrialists who have supported him; now that he has an overwhelming majority he may decide, for example, to attack the B.C. Electric; not socialize it, but seriously compete with it through the B.C. Power Commission.

A second strategy for the B.C. CCF would be to make a deal with the Liberals guaranteeing them two or three seats in return for a withdrawal of Liberal competition in other areas. Combined CCF and Liberal votes would have beaten the Social Credit party in 16 of the 39 seats they won in this election. But whether Liberals, cast adrift by their own party, would turn up in the CCF or the Social Credit column is a moot point. The CCF might find it had made a worthless bargain. The same might prove true for the Liberals.

The third strategy, and one which seems to me likely to be followed, is to stand pat. The CCF can leave its program unchanged, hope that polarization of parties will take place in the natural course of events and that the Liberals' supporters will gradually become discouraged and turn to the CCF as the only alternative government. This will, in practice, give the Social Credit party a long, long term of office, unless there is a depression.

DAVID CORBETT.

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